THE SPHERE

Vol. CXL No. 1828

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

FEB. 2 1935

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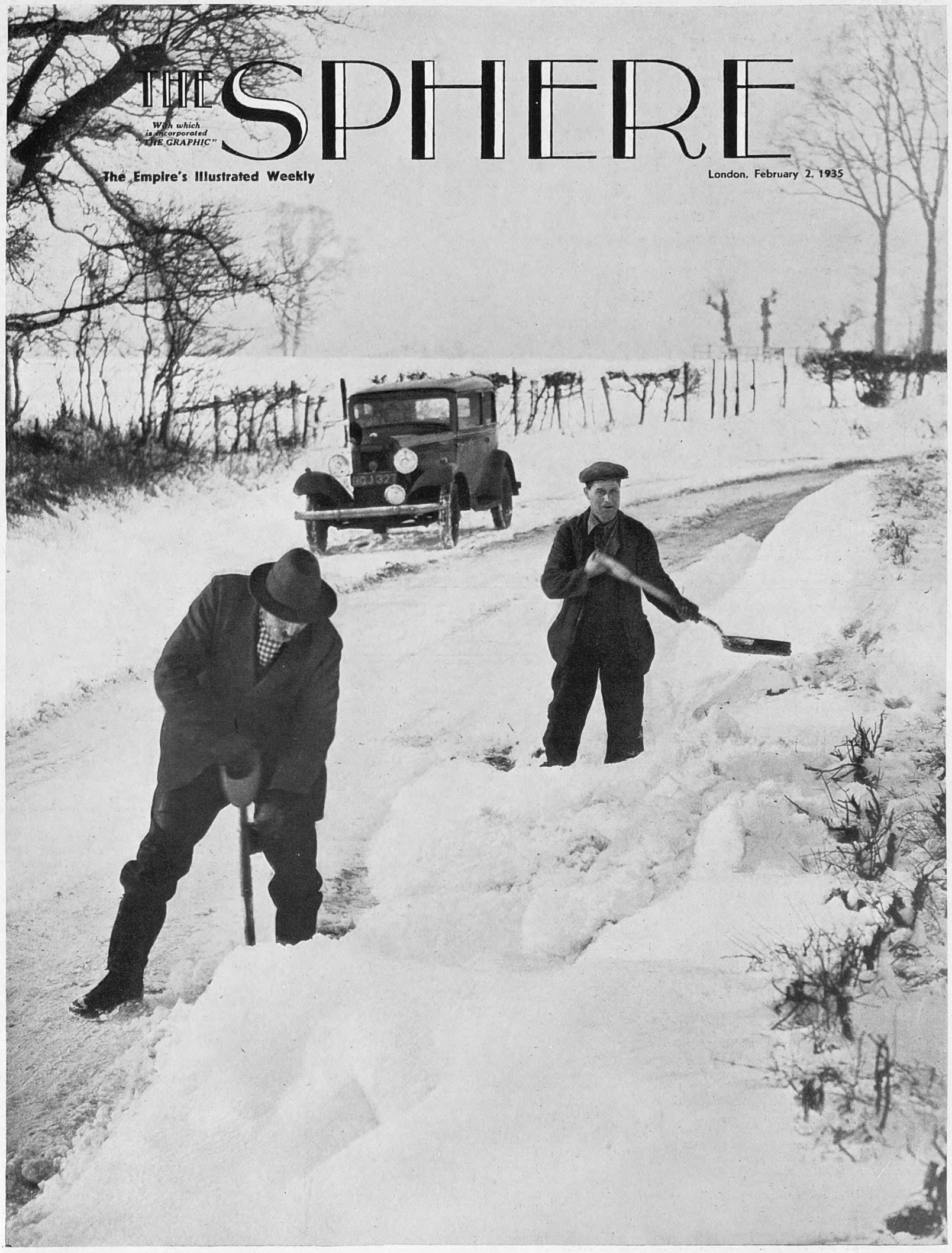
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, February 2, 1935



Winter Comes in Earnest

Clearing Away the Snow on the Ware—Bishop's Stortford Road, Hertfordshire

The winter, which began by being as mild as any that has been experienced in the past ten years, and which has been remarkable for the premature blooming of flowers throughout the country, underwent a sudden change towards the end of last week and, on Saturday evening, after a day of intense cold, snow fell heavily in southern England. On Sunday tobogganing and ski-ing were in full swing, and thousands of winter sports enthusiasts enjoyed themselves to the full on urban and suburban slopes. Perhaps the most cheering effect of this cold snap, however, was to be found in the temporary work available for the unemployed, who in many districts were given the job of clearing the main roads for traffic

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

DEATH OF A HERO: Mr. C. M. Parsonage's Forbra (centre), winner of the Grand National in 1932, taking part in the Winchester Handicap Steeplechase at Newbury last Saturday. He gave a magnificent display of jumping until the last fence, when he made an awkward landing, broke a fetlock, and had to be destroyed immediately—a tragic end for one of the finest 'chasers of the day

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, January 30, 1935.

NEWS IN BRIEF.—There was no lack of interesting news last week, and the conscientious Newsletter-writer is forced to adopt the expedient indicated by the title of this paragraph, in order to cover the ground. A great step towards peace on the railways was gained by the agreement, unanimously adopted by the main-line companies and unions, to set up machinery for speedy disposal of every kind of dispute. The plan envisages two new courts, a national council, and a national tribunal, the former generally to consider all questions of wages and working conditions, the latter (a body of three independent adjudicators) to dispose of disputes and problems not settled by the council. The heart of the agreement is that it forbids a strike until every possibility of negotiation is exhausted. Its hopefulness lies in the unanimity of its welcome by every section of the industry. A new bill to be introduced this year will implement an important recommendation in the report of the Statutory Commission under the Unemployment Act. By it three-quarters of a million agricultural labourers will at long last be brought within the scope of unemployment insurance. Benefits and contributions may be lower than the standards in force in other industries, but the measure will be none the less generally welcome, for this long-neglected industry will at last get a very fat "ninepence for fourpence." The Port of London Authority has been planning far-reaching and expensive improvements to the facilities of the port, with an eye to future as well as present needs. One scheme is the construction of a dam at Woolwich to give the river a constant level and to enable the Authority to increase docking facilities. But as this scheme implies that the tides would no longer govern the 'Varsity boat-race course, much tidal water will flow under Putney Bridge before it is *fait accompli*. Nearer materialization is a plan to deepen the Royal Victoria and Albert Docks and to safeguard future dock dues from air-borne freights. All of which suggest that P.L.A. is alive, far-sighted, hopeful, and energetic. The Princes of India delivered a shrewd blow at the die-hards in the first round of the staged fight of the Indian Reform Bill, that measure of record bulk. They denied coercion and gave strong support to the Viceroy's defence of the open-dealing and impartiality of the British Government in respect to the free decision of the Princes as regards federation.

SHORTHAND IN THE HIGH COURT.—If Lord Sankey succeeds in introducing the practice of shorthand notes to take the place of the judge's longhand notes of evidence, it is my belief he will go some way to speed up the course of justice without damaging its efficiency. The older practice is very long established. The points *for* its continuance now boil down to one only—that the trained mind of the judge concentrates on, and records, only what is relevant and vital in the given evidence. The points in favour of a full shorthand note are many:

(1) A draft of the day's evidence could be supplied to the judge the same evening, and while his memory was fresh he could edit the notes and underline his essentials as well as, or better than, he could do it contemporaneously.

(2) The exact words used by a witness are often of more value *in an Appeal* than the judge's own précis of the essentials of that evidence.

(3) The judge would be free at last to observe the witness's demeanour, a very important aid to a judge of character in separating truth from falsehood.

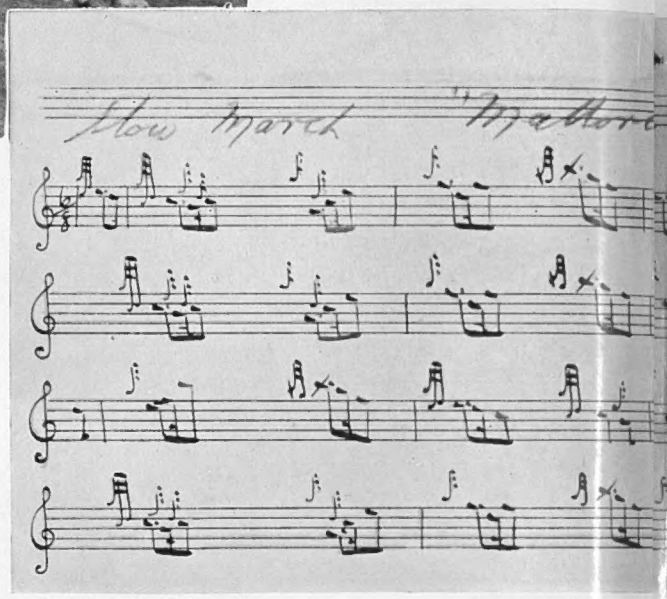
(4) The evidence would be disposed of far more quickly.

(5) A complete record of every word given in evidence would remain on record until the case was finally disposed of—a vital safeguard against miscarriage of justice.

(6) A heavy weight of legal experience at Bench and Bar has long favoured the reform.

A TEMPESTUOUS PETTICOAT.—No film star will ever, I hope and believe, win from the public the peculiarly intimate and respectful devotion paid to actresses on the "legitimate," long established in public favour. The film star may get much more publicity, much more exaggerated flattery, but never such deep-rooted affection nor so sincere an admiration. We reserve a full-blooded and warm-hearted love for the actress whose talent we admire in the flesh. And I hope it will be ever so. It seems impossible to believe that Marie Tempest was making her name in a "grown-up" part half-a-century ago. Watching her in *Theatre Royal*, even in a great-grandmotherly part, she appears in her wonderful third-act frock the Marie Tempest we "fell for" so permanently as *Becky Sharp* in the first year of the twentieth century, or in *The Marriage of Kitty*. It used to be denied that an actor or actress who was always himself (or herself) could be ranked as a great artist. Irving played many parts, was par excellence a character actor. Marie Tempest, like Charles Hawtrey, was of the other school of greatness. She is always "Marie Tempest in a new play." The public goes to see, and insists on seeing, the Marie Tempest they love and are grown used to, and the play is a secondary affair, and succeeds if it gives her the chance to be "herself" as the public expect her to be—a sharp, shrewd, witty, worldly, tempestuous petticoat; in a word Becky Sharp. And apparently Glasgow and Edinburgh appreciate her most, and Irishmen least. *Theatre Royal* is precisely and aptly fitted for her jubilee year. That drama of the eternal loadstone of the theatre which for ever draws back to the footlights and the grease paints the hereditary stage families lends particular point to the quite inevitable and unchanging advice which great actresses on these occasions give to stage-struck aspirants through the Press. She said (they all say): "On no account go on to the stage. It is a life of terrible disappointments. I am not *dreaming* of retiring." Mr. Gladstone urged her not to do so. He was just as illogical in regard to his own profession of politics. Who, indeed, in whatever profession can leave the limelight "nor cast one longing, lingering look behind!" £1,000 has already been booked for Miss Tempest's great Jubilee Matinée.

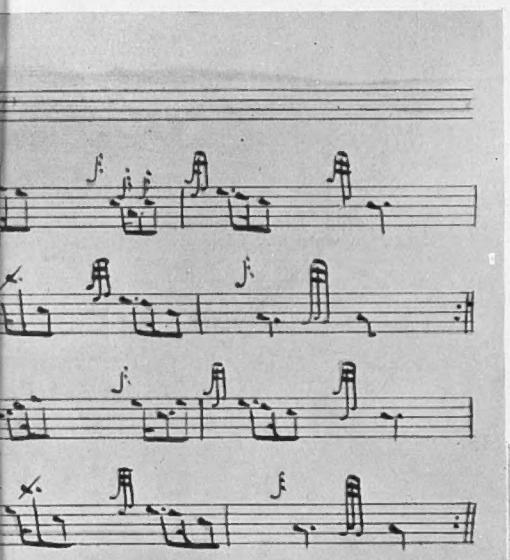
THE FOURTH PARTY.—Mr. Randolph Churchill is (appropriately enough) the "fourth party" to the Wavertree dog-fight. He now "joins the board after allotment" and is providing additional ginger to the discussions. He does not care for the label "Independent Conservative." He says that "Conservative" is an adequate description and he adds the rider that a man who does not in all points support the National Government is not, therefore, to be condemned as unnational (in the sense of unpatriotic). There is sense in that. But somehow the label "independent" clings to this branch of the Churchill family. For three (and I daresay more) generations from father to son they have embraced and practised with immense zest an independence in politics, determined not only to think for themselves but to broadcast their opinions, whatever the consequences to themselves, their hearers, and the political groups of the day. Some people may think they have too much moral courage; and this is certain, that to succeed in politics a greater willingness to accept compromise than the Churchills possess, is necessary. Lord Randolph and Mr. Winston Churchill spent too many of their best years in destructive criticism in the wilderness and young Mr. Randolph looks like doing the same. When he was very young indeed he told Canada so many home truths (as he saw them) that his admirers heaved a sigh of relief when he left that great country in good health. It may be that Liverpool will show him the rougher side of her character. But he will show all the courage, all the zest, all the truculence and ruthlessness of his forebears, and his youth will add an extra ration of indiscretion and hasty judgment. The Churchills are wont to win their spurs on a bloody field and have no use for the gilt spurs of ceremony and convention. It looks as if young Mr. Randolph is already assured of all the rough-house experience for which his blood cries out.



A ROYAL COMPOSITION: This is the music of the slow march entitled "Mabon," written for the bagpipes and has presented to the Scots Guards.

SPEED LIMITATION.—March 18 is apparently to be the date when the experiment of a 30 m.p.h. speed limit in built-up areas is to begin. It is nothing but an experiment, and it will be a puzzling one. The definition of "built-up areas" must be clear-cut, and the signs to denote them must be uniform and conspicuous. The expedient again is experimental because it runs counter to the majority view of motorists, of the nation which glories in the improvements in communications, and of the manufacturers whose policy is continually to increase cruising speed, and

improve acceleration. And the vested interests of motoring are all too powerful with the Ministry. It is an experiment which I personally would wish to succeed. But it is bound to fail unless (*a*) the definitions above referred to are foolproof; (*b*) the sanctions for disregard of the law are effective. Condition (*b*) is as vital as (*a*). Unless on March 18 the Home Office and the Chief Constables wholeheartedly co-operate with the Ministry of Transport and initiate an intensive, if brief, campaign to provide adequate and trained police road-patrols to detect and apprehend offenders, the experiment is pure waste of time and money. And unless the magistrates of the country are directed by the authorities to adopt a uniform and stern policy in dealing with proved offenders, the efforts of the police will be as abortive as the experiment. There is no uniformity at present among magistrates. In some areas the fear of throwing a man out of employment overrides logic, justice, and sanction. A typical case is that of a youth of nineteen who has adopted car demonstration as his career. He is proved to have driven dangerously. The magistrates, dreading to interfere with his employment, deliberately reduce the charge to "without due care" in order that they may not be compelled to endorse his licence. Result, police and members of the public who brought the charge are discouraged. If ever there was a case of a wrongly-chosen profession it is that of a boy car-demonstrator who has demonstrated that he is unfit to drive a car. It is significant that at long last the hideous tragedy of the road is awakening public resentment and that local authorities in particular are at length discovering the truth, which motoring associations still obstinately deny, that excessive speed and ineffective sanctions are the prime causes of road accidents.



"Mallorca," which the Prince of Wales has
It was played at the Albert Hall last week

THE PUBLIC AND ITS BROAD ACRES.

—Every year increases the acreage of British countryside given and dedicated to the public under the management of the National Trust. It is peculiarly disappointing to find that, as times grow better, subscriptions from the public, so vital if these properties are to be maintained and protected, fall off instead of increasing. Many of these properties are already deteriorating because the funds required to maintain, conserve, and protect them from fire and natural decay or overgrowth, are wanting. At present the public is utterly unfitted for the responsibility of land ownership and does not deserve its luck. Sometimes reasons are advanced locally for lack of financial support. The policy of the local committee as regards management (especially the question of burning heather tracts) is criticised by residents, be they bird-lovers or unpractical "æsthetes," who resent any temporary alteration in the familiar scene. These people refuse to accept the fact that every plant of heather must be burned once at least in ten years to keep it healthy and the area free from the dangers of fire, deliberate, chance, or due to carelessness. The more funds available, the smaller and less observable can be the patches of annual burning. Those who criticize their committee often withdraw their tiny subscriptions and make its task still harder. Local tradesmen are deplorably lax in their support. They and their families freely use the commons. The Trust lands and buildings attract business to the locality, but nothing will induce the local tradesmen as a whole to give financial support. Three or four of these local committees—such as Hindhead—are entirely, or almost entirely, self supporting, and can look to little assistance from the greatly taxed resources of the central committee. It is deplorable that these local bodies, which operate in enlightened and on the whole wealthy localities, receive such lukewarm support in their endeavours to preserve what is often the sole remaining attraction of once unspoiled country. The mean-minded and the short-sighted deserve to be suburbanized.

PEOPLE OF GENIUS.—

Out of curiosity I sent a p.o. for 5s. 6d. to *The Daily Express* Book Department in response to their offer to supply me with six modern biographies by well-known writers, nicely printed and bound. A few days later I received my goods and I confess I am perfectly satisfied with the bargain. The six volumes *are* nicely printed and bound, handy to read (even in bed) and, more important, their subjects are interesting. I have no complaint to make; *au contraire*. But I rise to put a supplementary question. The advertisement of the offer says of the six biographies offered, "They are written by *people of genius*" (italics mine). They are written by John Buchan, Eric Linklater, André Maurois, James Maxton, Mona Wilson, and Compton Mackenzie. Are all these persons indeed "people of genius"? Has the word grown more elastic than a decade back? Among the six are competent writers and hard working. But does the sacred light of genius adorn the brows of all or any of them, in the sense in which genius was not long ago defined? Shakespeare, Beethoven, Rembrandt, Buchan, Linklater, Maxton, Shelley, Emily Brontë, Mona Wilson. Perhaps it is just poetic or propagandic licence. Or perhaps—glorious possibility—all of us who have written one "best seller" or half-a-dozen books are "people of genius."

A BACONIAN GEM FROM AMERICA.

—In a sheaf of cuttings from America concerning the Hauptmann trial and the ever-increasing and hypnotic influence of the Townsend plan for universal prosperity, there was concealed a little gem which I found far more attractive. It "featured" Mr. J. Edward Morgan (whom God preserve) of Alabama, who after years of study has solved the question of the authorship of Shakespeare. It appears that Edward VI lived on for years after his supposed death (under an alias and wearing a false beard) and that he wrote the plays attributed to Shakespeare during his retirement. The name he chose to be known by (after his "funeral") was Sir Francis Bacon. An excellent choice. J. Edward Morgan (of Alabama, Cal.) is, to judge by his photograph, a dreamy scholar. Such men are—not dangerous. But the world would be the poorer without them and their theories.

JUBILEE JOY WEEK.

—The joy week of Jubilee Year is likely to be that which begins on Sunday, May 5. For during that week at least the celebrations will be enjoyed by all classes. The King examined last week-end various suggestions for special functions and gave general approval to several of them, always insisting on the condition that where expenditure must fall ultimately on the ratepayer or taxpayer, simplicity should be the keynote. The Government through the Ministry of Health has, however, already sanctioned an expenditure by local authorities for additional grants by way of public assistance and out-relief to the poor and distressed section of the community during this week which includes the Accession anniversary, and every ratepayer will cheerfully endorse the decision as an appropriate thank-offering for the blessing of a model constitutional sovereign. What with the reviews of the fighting services, the pageants in the streets of London and country towns, the "super" tattoos, the crowds of foreign notables, and the queues of the elect (among what is still loosely termed "society") proceeding to Courts, Court ball and gala night at the opera, the proletariat will be assured of many weeks of circuses and a full week of bread. For the upper five thousand there will be the much-sought-after opportunities of rubbing shoulders with royalties and be-starred and be-ribboned diplomats, statesmen, and courtiers. As for the vast section of the nation which lies between these two extremes, that section which bears so large a proportion of the burdens, because of its size it can expect perhaps less in the way of special privileges on this unique occasion; but it may be that in the scheme of celebrations the great middle class will not be entirely forgotten, and that representatives of it also may look for special distinction during the jubilee season, a second or overflow garden party at the Palace in July, or perhaps a really monster distribution of minor honours in the Birthday List. But be he personally remembered in practical form or not, every citizen of whatever class will enter into the coming celebrations with heartfelt loyalty, thankfulness, pride, and enthusiasm.

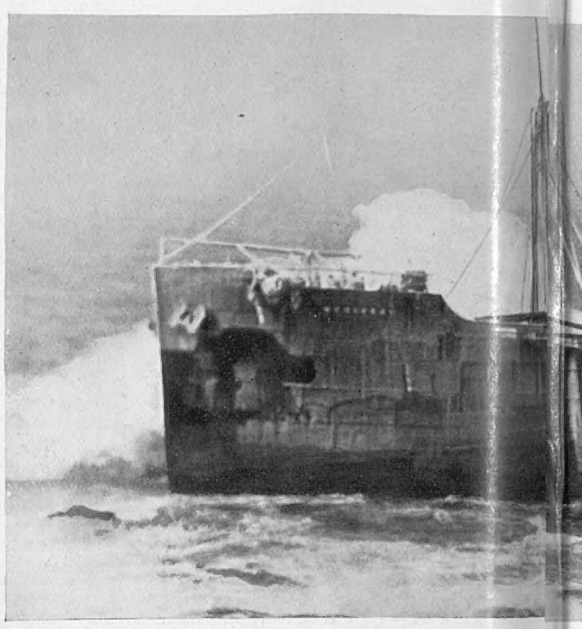
THE OLD STAGER.

OUTWARD BOUND FOR 2½ YEARS FOREIGN SERVICE: The scene on the quayside at Devonport before H.M.S. *Norfolk* left for the East Indies after being re-commissioned. This 9,850-ton cruiser of the "Dorsetshire" class has recently been in the West Indies as the flagship of Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir R. A. R. Plunkett-Ernle-Erle-Drax, K.C.B., D.S.O.

PASSING

WILD WAVES OF WINTER: An aerial view of Beachy Head taken on Friday of last week, when an 80-m.p.h. gale was raging on the South Coast

LONDON IN WINTER'S GRIP: The Life Guards riding night's snowstorm. They used the pathway on

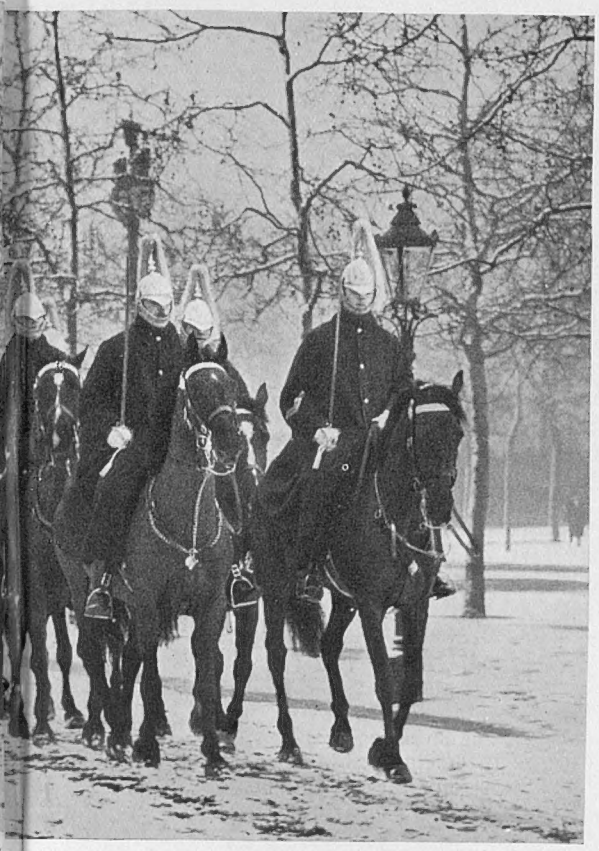


ANOTHER TRAGEDY OF THE SEA: The British cargo after she had gone aground in a gale at the mouth of was safely brought ashore, but the captain, who was into the

THE VICTOR AND THE VANQUISHED: Miss Etheridge, winner of the seventh annual contest for the Baptiste-Bertrand Cup which was held at Bertrand's Fencing Academy, seen with the five other finalists and the president of the judges. Three of the six survivors of the large original entry of seventy-two were extraordinarily evenly matched, each scoring the same number of victories, and the issue having to be decided on a count of hits. The standard of foil play throughout the competition was very high for a junior event

THE WEDDING OF THE WEEK: The marriage took place Laycock, elder son of Brigadier-General Sir Joseph Lay younger daughter of the Right Hon. William Dudley Ward.

PAGEANT



down the Mall on Sunday morning after last Saturday account of the treacherous state of the road

steamer, *Kenkerry* (3,390 tons) lying with her back broken Halifax Harbour, Nova Scotia. The crew of twenty-seven the last to leave, was drowned when attempting to get breeches buoy

a few days ago at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of Captain cock and Lady Laycock, and Miss Angela Dudley Ward, The bride is seen here cutting the cake at the reception

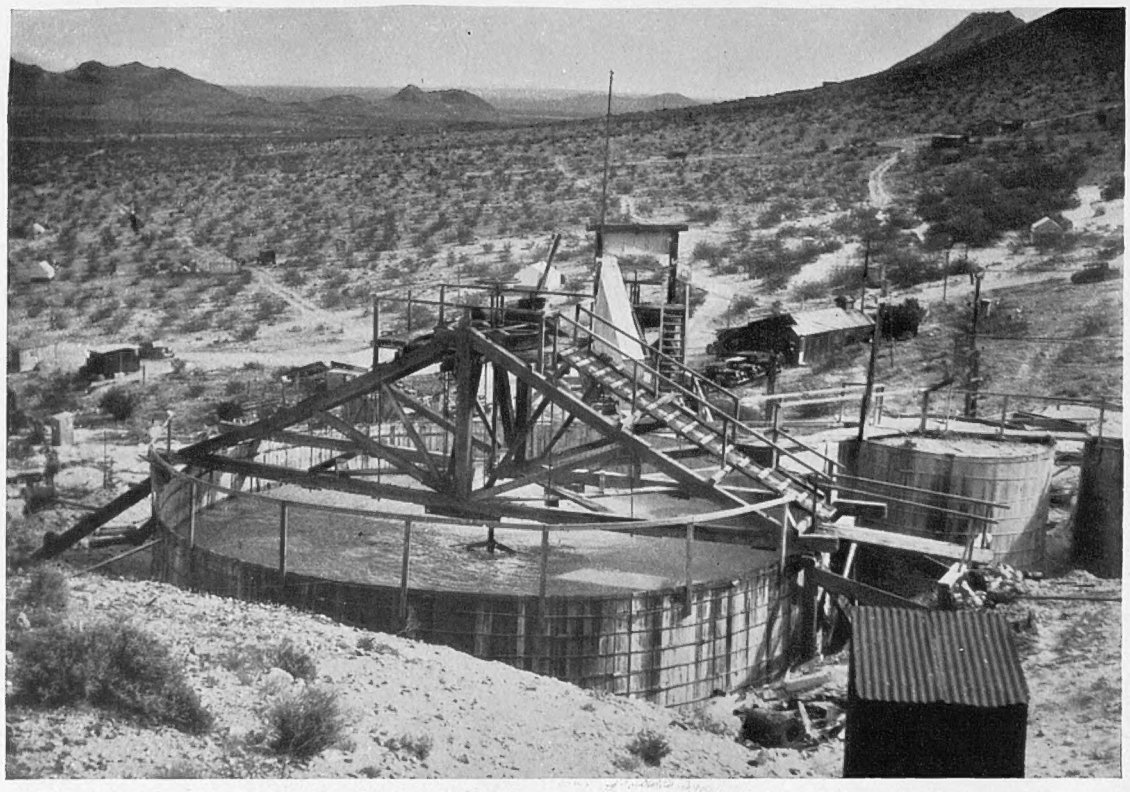
ALBION BESIEGED! Heavy seas, lashed into fury by the gale, breaking over a groyne at Brighton. A picture typifying the conditions recently prevailing along the coast

"TOT HOMINES, QUOT SENTENTIÆ": Mr. James Platt (National Conservative), Mr. J. J. Cleary (Labour), Mr. Artro Morris (Liberal), and Mr. Randolph Churchill (Independent Conservative)—the four candidates in the Wavertree by-election standing outside the Town Hall on Nomination Day. The contest continues to arouse tremendous interest on account of the split that is bound to occur in the Conservative vote as a result of the intervention of Mr. Churchill who is fighting in support of his father's India policy

SEARCHING FOR GOLD

The First of a Short Series of Articles Relating to the Present Shortage of the Precious Metal, and to the Intensive and World-wide Efforts that are being made to Discover New Sources of Supply

By LANCELOT LAWTON



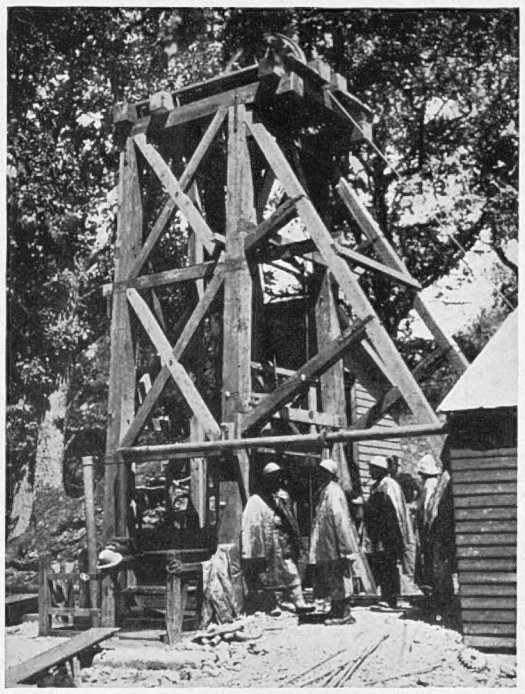
A MODERN KLONDYKE: The Silver Queen Mine in the Mojave Desert, about ninety miles east of Los Angeles, which the owner is reported to have sold to a South African Syndicate for £700,000. Other workings in the vicinity are said to be producing thousands of pounds worth of gold each week, and since last August a vast army of prospectors has invaded this inhospitable and sparsely inhabited region

Gold-fever has spread over the entire world. From many lands reports are received of the eager search for the metal; they come from Australia, South Africa, Kenya, Tanganyika, South America, California, New Guinea, and Siberia. So anxious is Soviet Russia for gold that she has made one notable departure from her rigid policy of State-control over all enterprise by allowing individual prospecting. Apparently, where gold-finding is concerned, she believes in private initiative. Not less interesting is the fact that she is exporting gold-bearing ores to America, there to be smelted.

In some parts of the world, it is said, scenes are taking place reminiscent of old-time gold rushes. In 1848, on hearing of the discovery of gold in California, thousands of people abandoned homes, and in frenzied hordes streamed across the American Continent. The route which they followed was strewn with corpses. In 1851 the same drama was repeated in Australia. Thirty-five years later came the gold rush to South Africa, and then in 1896 the tragedy of Klondyke when, in a terrible arctic climate which isolated them from civilization for several months in the year, gold-seekers endured frightful sufferings. Although these important discoveries took great toll of human life the consequences of them were considered to be more beneficial than otherwise, for the increase in purchasing power which followed led to a much-needed rise in prices of all staple commodities, and so to the removal of depressions which had lasted for long periods.

So far the present world-wide quest for gold has not led to any discoveries of a magnitude equal to those of past epochs, and the effect upon total production of new mines brought into production is bound to be gradual. Last year the world output of new gold remained much the same as that of 1933, about 24 million fine ounces. But all countries are vying with one another and a remarkably keen struggle is taking place among them. South Africa is easily at the head of the list; then comes Canada, followed by the United States. Soviet Russia has put in a claim for second place, but has so far not been able to establish it. Taken as a single producing area, the position of the British Empire appears at present to be unassailable, for more than seventy per cent. of the world's yearly gold output is obtained from countries within its confines.

The stimulus for the gold-search is the high price obtainable for the metal. During 1934 the price in London averaged 137s. 6¼d. for a fine ounce compared with 84s. 11¼d. prior to September, 1931, when Great Britain was on the gold standard. On October 11 last the London price of gold reached the record of 143s. 3d. per fine ounce.

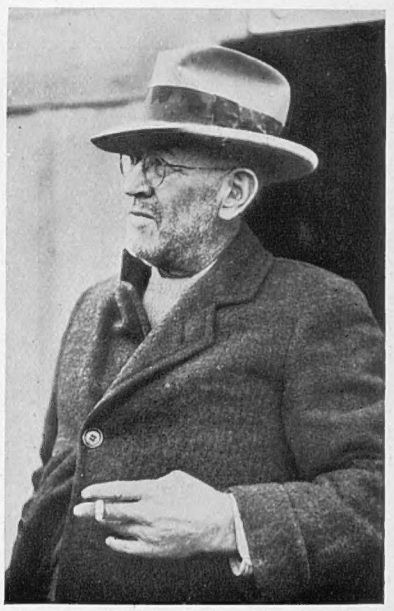


WEALTH IN WALES: The winding gear above the workings at Pumpsaint, Carmarthenshire, where gold mining operations are now in progress. It is believed that the Romans took over £4,000,000 worth of the precious metal from this district

The price of gold like that of any other commodity is dictated by supply and demand. Owing to the present unsettled state of the world, demand is intense. Many people prefer gold to paper money which has no gold backing or which they fear may at any moment be deprived of gold backing. Here a curious circumstance may be noted. As a result of the high price of gold, India has been induced to ship to London a large portion of the rich store of the metal which she has accumulated throughout the ages. Thus while one part of the world disposes of hoards, another creates them.

Both the United States and France continue to "corner" the world's supply of monetary gold; each made large additions to their stocks last year. By undervaluing the dollar, the United States has secured an advantage for her exports. Hence she enjoys an increasingly favourable balance of trade which brings more gold to her already abundant reserves. But the experts advising Roosevelt will not admit that these reserves are excessive for her possible needs; if their views continue to prevail, then there is certainly not enough gold to go round, and a return to the gold standard by those countries which abandoned it in recent years will be long delayed.

In one important respect modern gold quests differ from those of former epochs. The high price obtainable for gold in terms of sterling, and other currencies, has rendered low-grade ores payable. Consequently, it is estimated that the life of the Rand mines has been doubled, and in all parts of the world deposits, which in other circumstances would be neglected are now being worked with some prospect that they may yield profit. In these circumstance the chances of the gold-seeker have been improved. If he does not find a Klondyke, he may well come across an area which will give him a handsome return for his enterprise.



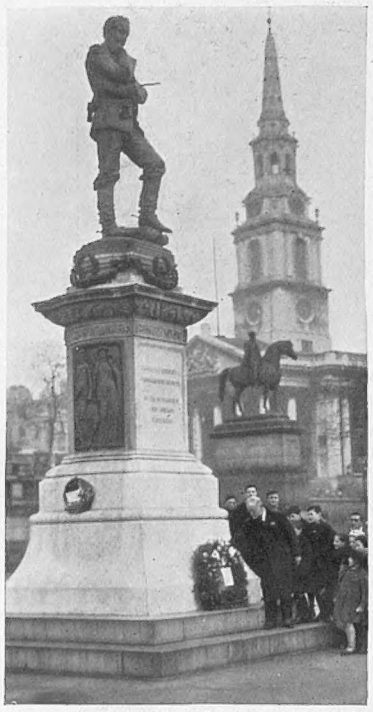
IN FORTUNE'S FAVOUR: The two men whose discoveries started a gold rush to the Mojave district of California. *Left*—George I. Holmes, who developed the Silver Queen Mine, seen with his wife. *Right*—Jess Knight, a veteran prospector who, after enduring years of poverty and hardship, found what he now calls the Elephant and Eagle Mine. He has refused an offer of over 1,000,000 dollars for the property

Men of Mark in the Public Eye

ELEVATED TO THE BENCH: Mr. A. T. Bucknill, O.B.E., K.C., who has been appointed a judge in the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division, posing for the Press before entering the House of Lords for the swearing-in ceremony. His father, the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Townsend Bucknill, P.C., was a Judge of the High Court from 1899 to 1914

THE GENIAL AMBASSADOR: Signor Dino Grandi, the Italian Minister to the Court of St. James's, greeting a young guest at the Northampton Institute, Clerkenwell, where a distribution of New Year gifts to members of the Italian Colony in London took place last week

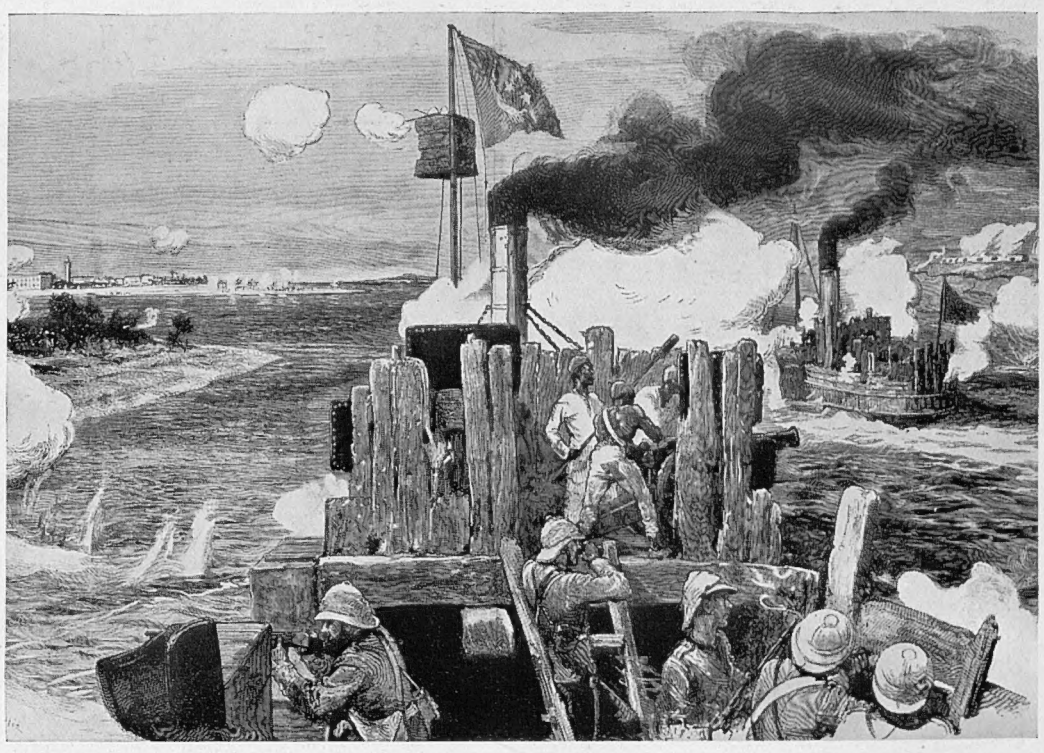
A MAGICIAN OF MELODY: Herr Fritz Kreisler, the great Austrian violinist, acknowledging the applause of the audience during the recital which he gave at the Albert Hall last Sunday and for which every seat in the building was sold. He was encored time and time again



THE HERO OF KHARTOUM: Mr. H. E. Montague, chairman of the Shaftesbury Society, laying a wreath on the statue of General Gordon in Trafalgar Square

1885 — 1935

The Fiftieth Anniversary of the Death of General Gordon — The Story of the Fatal Delay which Cost him his Life



RUNNING THE GAUNTLET: The two steamers in which Sir Charles Wilson and his men made a desperate attempt in January 1885 to reach Khartoum and to relieve General Gordon. On nearing their goal they were under continuous and heavy fire from the Mahdi's troops on the banks of the Nile but did not turn back until they discovered that the town had fallen. (*Reproduced from an illustration in "The Graphic" of March 14, 1885*)

On January 26, 1885, just as dawn was breaking, General Gordon fell, pierced by the spears of the Dervishes, in the palace at Khartoum, which he had so gallantly defended for over ten months. The relief expedition which had at last been agreed upon at the beginning of August in the previous year had, after innumerable delays in preparation, been slowly working its way up the Nile under the command of Wolseley. Gordon had been cut off from telegraphic communication within a month of his reaching Khartoum, so that his mission of evacuating the Egyptian troops and civilians in a peaceful manner became impossible, and a relief expedition the only method effective.

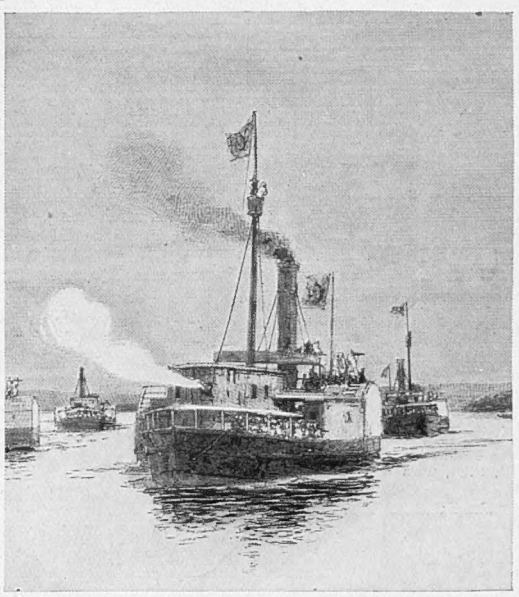
On December 14, Gordon wrote his last entry in his journal and sent it and official papers with two of the small steamers (which he had used so efficiently during the siege to keep the enemy at bay) down the river to meet the relief force. He had previously got through a message to Wolseley that December 14 was the last day that he could hold the city with any certainty. The steamers found the advanced columns at Metammeh on January 21 and urged an immediate advance. Unhappily the command of this column had devolved upon Sir Charles Wilson, owing to the death of the leader, Sir Herbert Stewart, in one of the attacks of the Mahdi's army, and Wilson was unable to decide the right thing to do.

Mr. John Buchan in his admirable little book, *Gordon at Khartoum*, is quite definite as to what should have been done. "When he received Gordon's papers it is clear that he should at once have gone himself, or sent someone, to Khartoum. As it was, he delayed three days in spite of the protests of Gordon's emissaries. The reason is obscure, but it is probable that Beresford (Lord Charles who was in charge of the Naval Brigade) was the cause. He was ill at the moment, suffering from desert boils, and he was eager to accompany the relief force, as he had been instructed. News came of an enemy advance from the south, and then of another from the north, and he induced Wilson to use the steamers to make reconnaissances, in the hope, doubtless, that he would presently be fit for duty. Two-and-a-half days were wasted in a meaningless task."

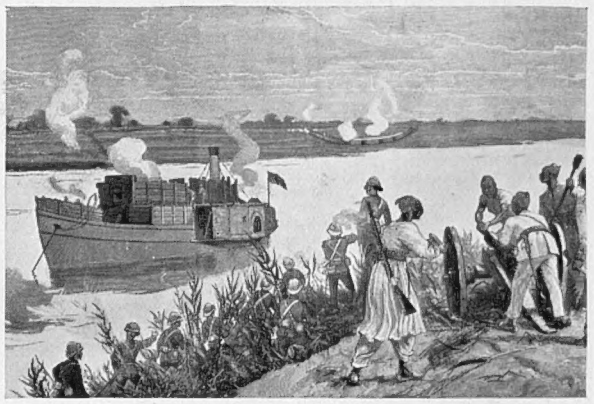
That delay was fatal, for it was just those sixty hours which caused the fall of Khartoum and the death of Gordon. If the red coats had been seen arriving, the Mahdi would never have attacked the city on the 25th, as we know from the account of Slatin Pasha, who was a prisoner in the Mahdi's camp.

When the steamers came near enough to see Khartoum, they realized at last they had been too leisurely. The Egyptian flag was no longer flying, but the Mahdi's banners waved above the ruined city. The steamers turned back and fought their way to the main army, leaving Khartoum and the Sudan to the Mahdi for thirteen years.

B. H.



Left—A VALIANT BUT TARDY EFFORT: A sketch depicting the arrival of two of Gordon's steamers at Metammeh, where they effected a junction with Sir Charles Wilson and his men, and then returned, too late, to relieve Khartoum. *Right*—Lord Charles Beresford, who rescued the expedition which attempted to reach Gordon, riding a donkey during reconnaissance duty in the desert



Left—A BEARER OF SAD TIDINGS: Major Stuart Wortley bringing the news of the fall of Khartoum to the camp at Metammeh on February 1, 1885. *Right*—'TWIXT FRIEND AND FOE: The vessel in which Lord Charles Beresford went to the aid of Sir Charles Wilson. While it was stranded on the Nile with a damaged boiler it was being fired on by the Mahdi's troops on the opposite shore and being defended by the gun seen in the foreground

A COMMEMORATIVE ISSUE: The two stamps on the right of this letter, sent to us by a reader in Khartoum, have been produced to mark the fiftieth anniversary of General Gordon's death. The larger one is blue and the smaller is red

Ski-ing in the Shadow of the Eiger

A delightful camera study taken a few days ago in the Jungfrau region of the Bernese Oberland. The Eiger, which is over 13,000 ft. high, is one of the most striking peaks in Switzerland, and the slopes surrounding it have a great reputation among the more expert ski-ers. Snow conditions there are said to be better at the moment than they have been for many years

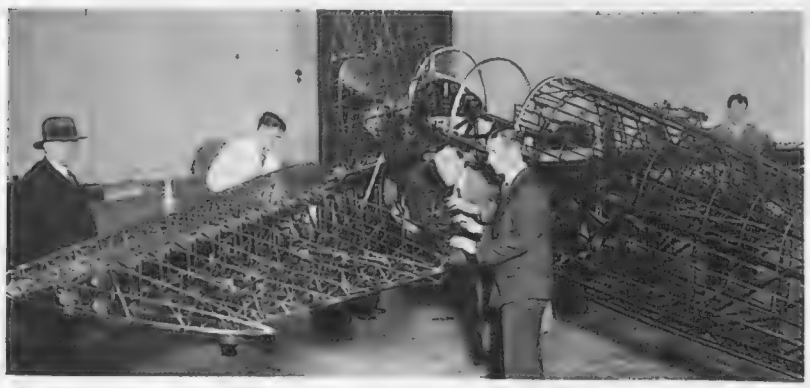
On right—Up to the neck in it

b

FOR OVERSEAS SERVICE: Making final adjustments in the floating dock at Pembroke to one of the four seaplanes which have been constructed by Messrs. Short Brothers and which recently left for Singapore to join No. 205 Flying-Boat Squadron. In the foreground is the covered cockpit for the pilots with its sliding emergency panels

TRUMPS: A full-length view of another of the Singapore flying-boats, showing the distinguishing mark of a diamond painted on the forward part of the fuselage. Note also the gunners' cockpits—one in the bows, the other near the tail

ANOTHER "FLYING HOTEL": The Douglas air-liner which Mr. Fokker recently sent over to this country for demonstration purposes. There is a possibility that this type will shortly be manufactured over here



New Flying-Boats for Singapore

And other Aeronautical Matters

On January 15 four new flying-boats, bearing respectively the distinguishing mark of a spade, heart, diamond, and club, took off from Milford Haven to fly to Singapore on delivery to No. 205 Flying-Boat Squadron as replacements for older type boats which have been in service for over six years. This is the first occasion on which a complete unit of the R.A.F. serving overseas has been re-equipped by air.

These new boats are Short "Singapore" long range reconnaissance machines, each powered by four Rolls-Royce engines of 560 h.p. They have a maximum speed of 145 m.p.h. and a cruising range of 1,000 miles.

In the bow of each boat is a gunner's cockpit, and here ropes, anchors, and tackle are stored. Behind it is the cockpit for the two pilots, which is covered in for protection from the weather and spray. It has sliding roof panels, and under the seat is installed an automatic pilot which can take over control of the machine on long flights or under bad weather conditions.

The main part of the hull can be divided into compartments, and one of these can be used as a sort of wardroom by the officers in charge of each boat, and here there is a chart-table for the navigator. Farther aft is a compartment in which are the wireless instruments, and where there is a seat and desk for the operator. This compartment also does duty as engine control room. The last compartment is fitted up as a galley on one side and a workshop on the other, and so the three main compartments of the hull provide all the accommodation necessary for each boat as a self-contained unit.

A second gunner's cockpit is arranged aft of the main compartments, and from it a cat-walk leads to the tail-gunner's cockpit on the tip of the hull aft of the rudders, a draughty and uncomfortable position.

Although these machines are seagoing craft their route to Singapore will be by no means entirely over water and they will fly long stretches across land far from any possible alighting place. The first of these was from Bordeaux across France to Marseilles, the next across Italy from Naples to Brindisi and thereafter across Syria and Iraq from Alexandretta to Baghdad. There remains the crossing of India from Karachi to Chittagong with intermediate stops at Udaipur, Gwalior, Allahabad, and Baghalpur. These long land crossings show the confidence which can be placed in modern aero engines, for these boats are not amphibious and cannot alight on dry land.

The voyage is in no sense a stunt, but a normal service trip to deliver new machines and so the schedule is a leisurely one allowing

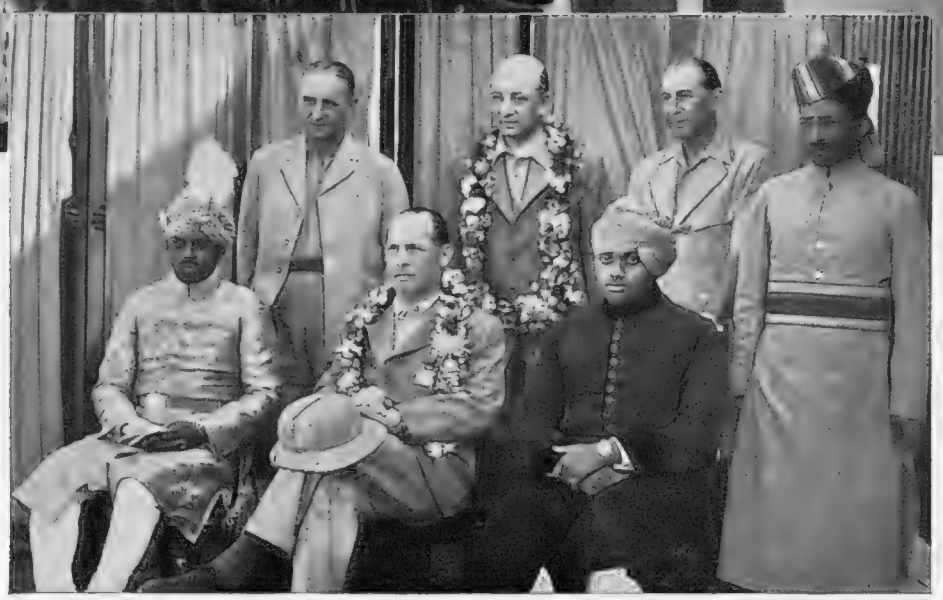
(Continued on p. 182)

On left—ON THE "MECCANO" PRINCIPLE: The framework of a new type of 'plane devised by the Martin-Baker Aircraft Company to facilitate mass production. It consists of tubing which can be bolted together very easily and also possesses great structural strength

A SPHERE SURVEY

News from Europe and the Orient—The Trial of Mathias Rakosi—Ex-King George of Greece in India—Chancellor Hitler and General Litzmann

SIR SHENTON THOMAS, who has recently succeeded Sir Cecil Clementi as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Straits Settlements, inspecting a guard of honour of the Sikh contingent of police before opening their new barracks at Pearl's Hill, Singapore



TOURING INDIA: Ex-King George of Greece (centre, seated), seen with the Rajah of Parikud (left), whom he recently visited in Orissa, and with whom he took part in a shoot

A WAR HERO HONOURED: Chancellor Hitler shaking hands with General Litzmann after he had presented the veteran with a car on his eighty-fifth birthday. This distinguished soldier earned the title of "The Lion of Brzezany" when he broke through the Russian lines during the campaign in Galicia in 1914

AN ECHO OF BELA KUN: Mathias Rakosi seen between two guards in the Budapest Court, where he is standing his trial for twenty-seven murders, high treason, and rioting. In 1919 he was a member of the short-lived Bolshevist Government set up in Hungary by the notorious Bela Kun, one of Lenin's agents

PERSIA VEILED AND UNVEILED

IN A TEHERAN STREET: When out of doors it is difficult for a foreigner to find out to what class a woman belongs as the severely simple veil is worn by rich and poor, aristocrat and plebeian

CLINGING TO TRADITION: In spite of the fact that the Persian Government has been attempting to further the cause of feminine emancipation, the majority of women, when in public, refuse to abandon the veil, although it frequently covers European dress

A BEGGAR AND HER BAIT: Many members of this class, provided their faces are presentable, do not wear the veil. The child which this woman is carrying is probably borrowed, as with it she can enlist more sympathy when appealing for alms

CONTRAST: *Left*—A lady buying a carpet from her carriage. *Right*—A Westernized Persian girl, dressed in the height of fashion, seen in her car while out on a shopping expedition in Teheran. As a result of a Government enactment made in 1931 women are now allowed to visit cinemas and restaurants, and to enjoy a degree of freedom which, a decade ago, was never even dreamt of. They have not, however, taken advantage of their opportunities to the same extent as their Turkish contemporaries

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TO SOLVE AERODYNAMIC PROBLEMS: The entrance to the inlet passage arranged to admit air, filter it, and give it its correct direction before flowing into the test chamber. A picture taken at the almost-completed station at Chalais-Meudon, France, where it will shortly be possible to put full-sized aeroplanes instead of models under test in a gigantic wind tunnel. This will reveal whether machines are airworthy and where the weaknesses, if any, lie. The work of construction is being carried out by the firm of Entreprises Limousin

FAULTS REVEALED BY THE AIR

At the New Chalais-Meudon Testing Station

"What will my 'plane do in a bad windstorm?"

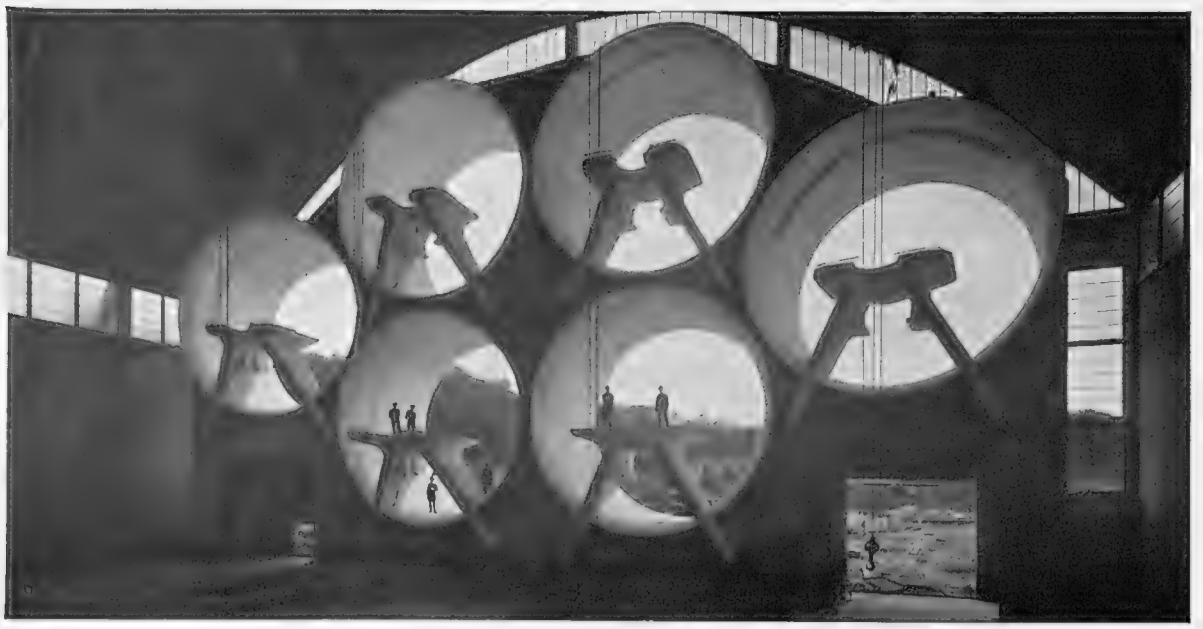
That is something the designer, constructor, pilot, and passengers would all like very much to know in advance. Many an air tragedy has resulted from some undetectable weakness that the wind's searching fingers discover far from the safety of the solid earth. Much has been learned by using models of 'planes and model wind tunnels built in laboratories. From the results an estimate is made of the effects of wind upon a full-sized 'plane, but it is only an estimate, a highly scientific guess, and yet nothing but a guess.

(Continued on next page)

On left—An exterior view of the giant, concrete diffuser through which the air passes after it has left the test chamber

STUDYING AERODYNAMICS ON A COLOSSAL SCALE: Further Views of the Chalais-Meudon Aeroplane-Testing Station

IN THE SUCTION CHAMBER: A close-up of one of the concrete platforms on which one of the six fans will operate to draw the air through the wind tunnel of the testing station. The vibration that will be set up by the 1,000-h.p. electric motors will be enormous, but the inclined struts upon which the motors are to be placed are of such a strength that they could bear almost twice the strain that is likely to be imposed upon them



THE GAPING ENTRANCE TO THE DIFFUSER TUNNEL through which the wind will rush at a speed of more than 150 ft. per second on its way from the test room to the suction chamber. The movable shutters seen in the picture will be closed when tests are not in progress in order to prevent the building from becoming too cold

(*Continued from previous page*)

In dealing with human lives, and expensive material, one needs certitude.

That desire will soon be satisfied at the great aerodynamic testing station which the Entreprises Limousin are building for the French Aeronautical Services at Chalais-Meudon. It has taken nearly three years to construct this huge wind tunnel. The engineering problems it involved have been successfully solved, M. Le Marec, engineer of the firm, has told THE SPHERE, and before spring is over all will be ready for the first test.

In principle, the aerodynamic station is nought but an immense tube through which wind is sucked by powerful fan impellers. A hurricane force of 112 miles per hour can be achieved—the equal of the worst storm that a 'plane can expect to encounter.

Fastened in a room where the full force of the wind will be brought to bear upon it, the 'plane under test will record on many delicate instruments its reaction to the strain to which it is subjected. In the course of time, not only will many individual 'planes have been tested and corrected, but it is expected that a body of data of great value to the science of aviation will have been collected.

Left—THE MIGHTY WORK OF PUNY MAN: The six platforms at the end of the suction chamber on which the battery of fans will be placed

THE SOUTH WALL OF THE SUCTION CHAMBER, into which the six 1,000 horse-power fans are to be built. The wall is 141 ft. long and 85 ft. high, and, on account of the tremendous stresses and strains which it will have to undergo, was the most difficult part of the whole building to construct. (*All the pictures in this four-page special section of "The Sphere" were taken by H. Baranger*)

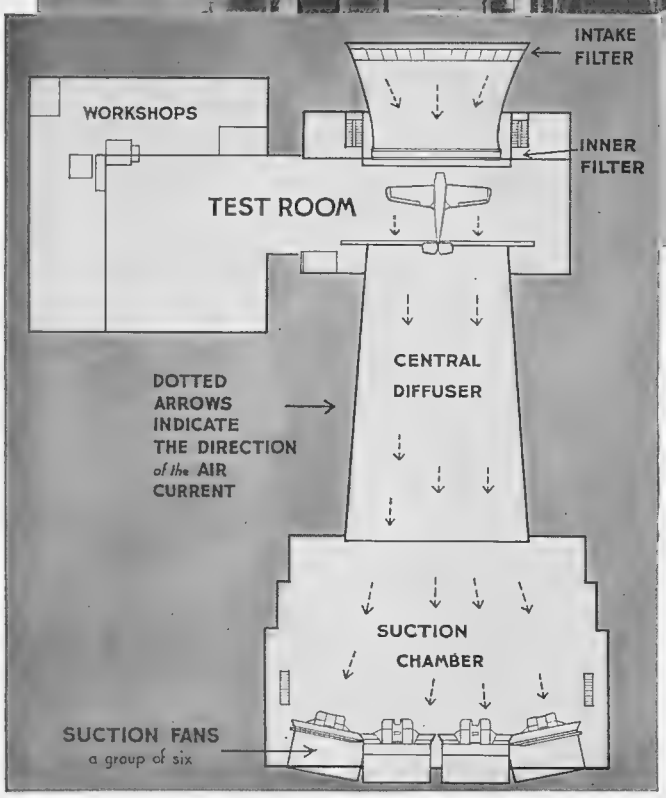
REPRODUCING GALE CONDITIONS INDOORS: A view of the testing room at the Chalais-Meudon Aerodynamic Research Station showing the inlet conduit (left) and the entrance to the central diffuser (right). 'Planes to undergo examination will be brought into the building on a travelling crane, and will then be placed between the two tunnels where they will be subjected to the strain of a wind pressure of anything up to 112 m.p.h. In this way any weaknesses in the structure of the machines will be revealed

The Value of the Full-Scale Wind Tunnel

Eliminating Dangerous Guesswork

Although a full-scale wind tunnel has been in use in the U.S.A. at the Langley Memorial Laboratory for several years, wind tunnels in England, both at the Government establishments and the aircraft manufacturers' works, have been confined to small-scale affairs. Now, however, a full-scale tunnel is being built in this country, though not on the huge scale of the French tunnel here illustrated.

Wind tunnels have proved most valuable in solving many of the problems of aircraft design, and for testing the behaviour of new designs of aircraft and their components in model form. The results obtained on the models can be applied to the full-scale machines, and to a large extent their behaviour can be foretold. A further development of the simple wind tunnel has been a compressed air tunnel to give the effect of high speed on the model. One of these tunnels is in use at the National Physical Laboratory. The ideal is, of course, actual tests on a full-sized aeroplane held in a stream of air passing at the speed of normal flight.



Left—THE LAYOUT: A ground plan of the station revealing how the air will be drawn through the wind tunnel by means of fans

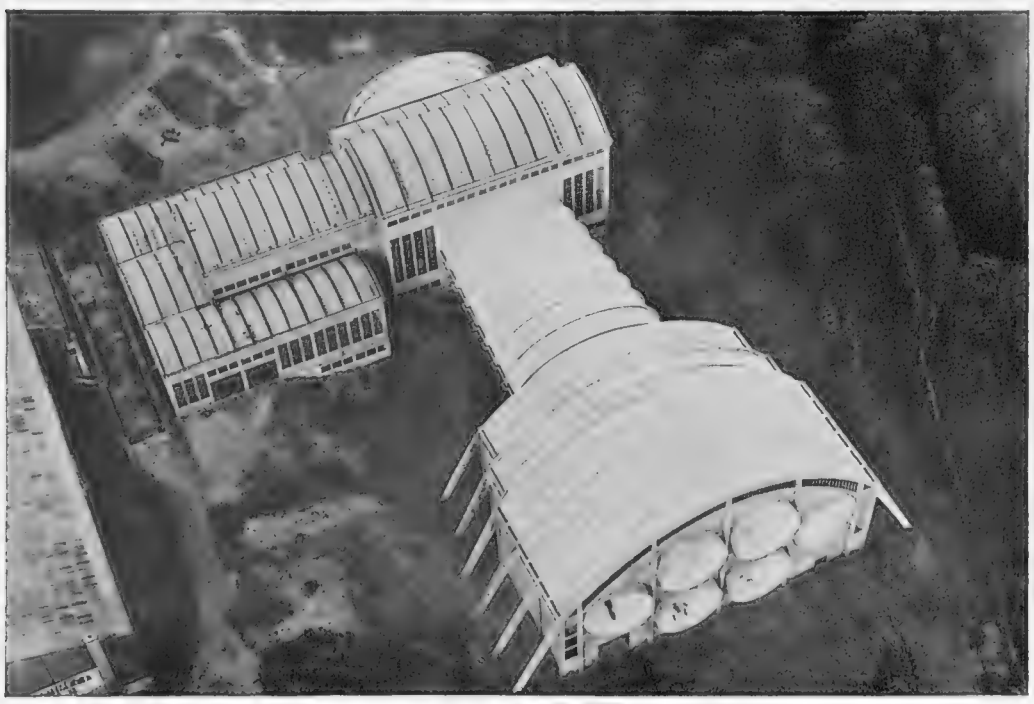
At the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough is a vertical tunnel for investigating the spinning of aeroplanes and by means of which slow motion films can be taken of the behaviour of the models.

The results obtained from models in the small-scale tunnels are only a guide to what may be expected from the full-scale machine in actual flight though they provide a useful check on aerodynamic design. Full-scale tests sometimes give very different results from those obtained from models. For example a recent experimental machine when tested in model form in the tunnel proved perfectly stable directionally, yet when the full-sized machine was flown it proved so unstable directionally that it was dangerous and was not proceeded with. Thus it has been found that, as with ships, model tests are not entirely reliable and full-scale tests may give substantially different results.

The value of the full-scale wind tunnel is immense. Complete machines can be mounted in the tunnel and the effect of the air passing over them at actual flying speed can be measured at any point on their surface. In the past certain machines have been inadequately controlled at certain speeds by reason of the blanketing effect of the fuselage which has caused eddies round rudder and elevators. By means of the full-scale tunnel such faults can be detected before flight tests are attempted and the possibility of discrepancies between model and full-scale tests eliminated. Of course very large machines cannot be tested in any wind tunnel yet built, but their components can be tested in detail to confirm the calculations of the designer.

Full-scale wind tunnels are just another step in aerodynamic progress whereby guesswork is eliminated and actual machines studied under the eye of scientists.

C. D. P.



Left—SEEN FROM THE AIR: A general view of the station which will be ready for use in the spring. It has taken nearly three years to build, and contains 176,000 cubic ft. of reinforced concrete, 70,600 cubic ft. of ordinary concrete, 700 tons of iron, and 38,830 cubic ft. of wood

METROPOLITAN

A BANKER'S OPINION: Personalities at the annual meeting of Barclay's Bank, held last week at Southern House, Cannon Street. *Left*—Mr. William Macnamara Goodenough, Mr. Hugh Exton Seebohm, and Mr. Edwin Fisher. *Right*—Sir J. Fortescue-Flannery, Bart., Mr. Robert Leatham Barclay, C.B.E., and Lord Essendon—three of the directors. In his speech to the shareholders Mr. William Favill Tuke, the new chairman, sounded a note of caution as to the economic outlook, saying that: "Since 1931 the position of this country has improved enormously, both from the financial and trading aspects, but a full tide of prosperity such as would enable a reduction in unemployment to a normal level is not yet in sight"

THE DUCHESS OF KENT'S NEPHEW IN LONDON: Prince Alexander, eldest son of Prince Paul, senior member of the Yugoslavian Regency, seen with his governess, Miss Fox, after his arrival at Victoria Station. He was on his way to school in England

A REMARKABLE FIND: Mr. R. Flower, Deputy Keeper of the Manuscripts in the British Museum, examining the three fragments acquired by the Museum last summer among a collection of Greek papyri from Egypt, and the importance of which has only just been discovered. They relate to the Gospel story and, as they probably date from the middle of the second century, they are clearly older than any New Testament manuscript known to be extant. The leaves are incomplete both in length and breadth

TRADE UNIONISM AND THE STAGE: One of the biggest theatrical sensations of recent years was revealed in London last week when British Equity—the actors' union—issued a notice to its members not to sign any contracts to appear in the forthcoming Drury Lane production *Glamorous Nights* as a dispute had arisen with the theatre over the closed-shop question, and Equity was determined to see that those whom it represented were not called upon to act with non-union members. In the left hand picture Lewis Casson is seen with Dame May Whitty, and Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies discussing the situation at a meeting of Equity. The picture on the right was taken at a meeting of London Theatre Managers who upheld the action of the Drury Lane authorities in resisting the attempt to make them include the "closed shop" clause in contracts. Mr. Walter Payne (Chairman of the Managers' Society) is at the head of the table

STUDENTS AT THE HENDON POLICE COLLEGE MAKING ALTERATIONS TO THEIR CRIME-MAP OF LONDON, which is brought up to date every day from information forwarded by Scotland Yard. Coloured flags, each representing a different class of misdemeanour, are used, and it is possible to see at a glance in what districts shop-lifting, housebreaking, pickpocketing, assault, etc., are most prevalent

Professional law-breakers who have heard some of the gibes aimed at Lord Trenchard's "Young Gentlemen" will be ill-advised to take these references seriously. Without being a visiting general, I can say with truth that I have never seen a finer body of men than at the Metropolitan Police College at Hendon. They really are a husky lot. They include four winners of the King's Medal, which is the D.C.M. of the Police (if not the V.C.). They include County Rugger caps, Oxford Authentics, and the representatives of various minor County cricket teams; altogether maintaining four first-class teams at rugger, soccer, and hockey. For they are at least as athletic as Rhodes scholars, and a good deal older, larger, and stronger.

Of the sixty men undergoing the year's course, forty were already in the Force. The first lot will have completed their training by July, and after periods varying between five months and a year will join or re-join the Force as junior station inspectors. Before I go any further, I had better point out the ranks in the Police Force. At the top you have the Commissioner, followed by the deputy commissioner, four assistant commissioners, eight deputy assistant commissioners, eight chief constables, thirty-six superintendents, sixty-six chief inspectors, and one hundred and fifty-nine special divisional inspectors, followed by the rank and file of inspectors, sergeants, and constables.

In between come the men at the Police College at Hendon with the rank of junior station inspectors—a grade which has never previously existed. For previously there was nothing between special divisional inspectors and inspectors. The object of the College is to enable smart young officers already in the Force and other constable candidates to save at least nine years of the tedious routine duty now existing between the rank of sergeant and inspector. To-day few men reach the rank of inspector in less than fifteen years from the time they take their constable's oath. By the new system smart men will take precedence of inspectors a year after leaving the Metropolitan Police College. While at the College even those without police training are paid £170 a year, the rest receiving £200 a year.

According to the present arrangements sixty men are being selected each year for rapid promotion. They must be between the ages of twenty and twenty-six and there are three methods of entry. The first is by recommendation from the Force; and I may say that for the forty vacancies available in the first working year no fewer than nine hundred applications were made. The second method of entry is by a competitive examination based on the same methods as those obtaining at Woolwich or Sandhurst. The third is selection without examination on production of evidence that the candidate has attained a certain standard of education. This, to all intents and purposes means a University degree, and one way and another there are three Marlburians, an Etonian, a Carthusian, sixteen Oxford and Cambridge graduates, a golf Blue, an athletics Blue, a former cavalry officer, and an officer from a line regiment, among the sixty.

When I paid the College a visit last week I was immediately reminded of my own days as an officer cadet in "D" Company of the 4th O.C.B. It is true that there is not a great resemblance between Wadham College, Oxford, where I was billeted, and the former Hendon Country Club which is now the Police College. And yet the bedrooms are much the same size. Besides, you have only to change the word scout for batman, and hall for mess, to find a further similarity. True, the drill of the men at the Police College is obviously without rifles or bayonets; and the course deals with criminal law, finger prints, and police court procedure instead of King's Regulations; but the hours, both for work and for organised games, are much the same. In addition, the war-time grouping of sergeants and other non-commissioned ranks with young fellows from the Public School Officer Training Corps has an exact parallel with the grouping of the sergeants and constables from the Force with the young fellows from the Universities and elsewhere at the Police College. One must always be careful to point out, however, that there is nothing military about the Police College. The men are selected civilians, not selected soldiers or potential soldiers.

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION: A scene in one of the has been fixed up as a police station and where in this picture a "prisoner" is

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE COLLEGE: At one time it was the Hendon Country Club, and was run by Mr. Claude Grahame-White, the pioneer aviator

A LINE-OUT: Students engaged in a practise game of Rugby. They have more than one "County Cap" among their number, and have quite a good first fifteen. Soccer and hockey are also played

At Hendon the men are called at 6.45, have breakfast an hour later, and start their classes at 8.45. These consist of four forty-five-minute periods with a fifteen-minute break between each until 12.30. Lunch is at 12.45; work begins an hour later; there are further periods of work until 3.30. Organized games take place from then onwards with a break for tea at 4.30. There are half-holidays on Wednesdays and Saturdays Dinner takes place at eight o'clock, and for four nights a week there is preparation until eleven. On guest nights there is no work in the evening. Among the regulations in force are the compulsory wearing of dinner jackets in mess except on Saturdays and Sundays; the ban on smoking before breakfast and for the fifteen minutes before dinner; and a complete ban on spirits. The men, or rather the "junior station inspectors" as they are technically known, are allowed beer, sherry, and port, for which of course they pay themselves, though they may not have sherry or port until dinner time. Games are not actually compulsory, but a bad view would be taken of any man who did not take part in them pretty strenuously.

Another point of resemblance between the Officer Cadet Battalion and the Police College is that the cadets, as we might as well call them, have to undertake all the various duties of their ultimate

THE SANDHURST OF THE POLICE FORCE

A Visit to the Metropolitan Police College at Hendon where Sixty Men are being Specially Trained for Rapid Promotion

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE LOUNGE: One of the comfortably-equipped public rooms where the students forgather when off duty

rank during their period of training. Instead, therefore, of being divided up into companies, the college is divided for discipline and class purposes into four stations. Each station is in charge of a sub-divisional inspector from the Force. There are also two chief inspectors who are also the two chief instructors, as well as the physical training and drill instructor, and a qualified solicitor who acts as a law instructor. Actually most of the work and instruction deals with practical police duties—anything, in fact, from lost dogs to reports on murders. To revert to the similarity to a cadet battalion, each station at the Police College has senior under-officers and section officers selected from the cadets themselves. There is a fire picket and a cadet duty officer as well.

We now come to the innovation of a course in scientific police work under Dr. James Davidson, who has been appointed instructor to the College, and under whose directions a laboratory is shortly to be made. It is this department at the Police College which has been responsible for the majority of the comments on the College. In the past, a great deal of detective work has been simple subtraction. It is very rarely that any particular type of criminal deviates from his own specialized method of law-breaking. A pickpocket never becomes a safe blower. A smash-and-grab man never takes to forgery. A coiner is never a burglar or confidence man. That being so, when a crime has been committed the police work inversely towards their objective. That is to say, they go through the list of men known to specialize in the particular crime, find out all those who are at the moment in prison, and ask the remainder to give an account of their movements on the day in question. This method has been so successful that it has tended to minimize the importance of genuine detective work based on the following up of clues. It seems now to have been decided that without trying to turn police officers into Sherlock Holmeses it would be a good thing to teach ambitious young members of the Force at least not to obliterate possible clues, and in fact to recognize the possibility of apparently unimportant trifles which might lead to the arrest of the law-breaker.

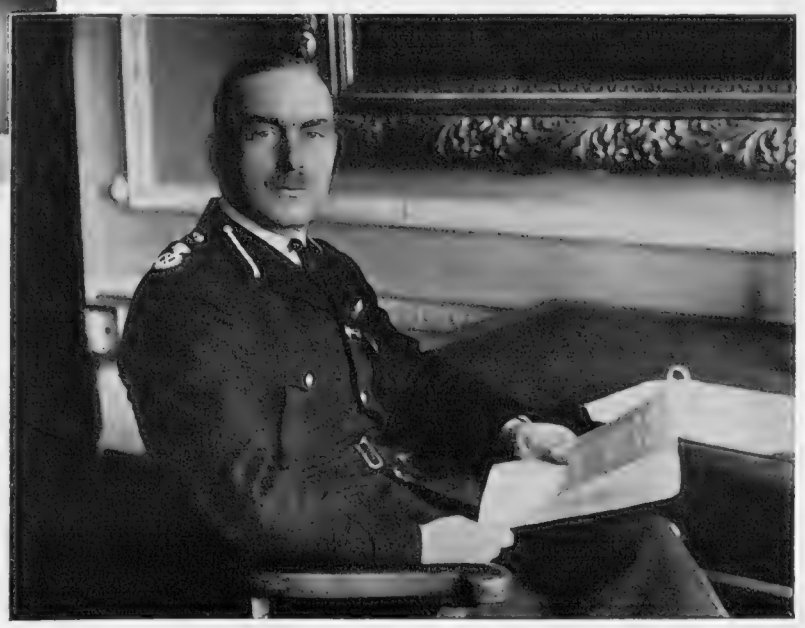
Apart from that, policemen in the past have only been expected to have a very elementary first aid knowledge of human anatomy. At the Police College the cadets are going to learn about physiology, about the causes of death, about various types of wounds; they are going to learn enough to be able to say at once whether a red stain is caused by blood or not, and if so, whether it is of human or animal origin; they will be taught about the various types of bullets as discharged by revolvers, rifles, pistols, and so on; they will have a good grounding in toxicology, enabling them to know very fairly well the various known poisons and the effects they cause; they will be taught to recognise asbestos particles which come from safe blowing; they will learn the difference between hairs and fibres and occupational dust; they will even acquire a rudimentary but valuable knowledge of botany. These are important trifles that the average young constable or even young detective sergeant is, in the ordinary way, only likely to learn from personal experience or the casual information of a colleague.

The value of all this was explained to me by Peter Blenkin. He was a Cambridge Blue who having served for three or four years in the Police Force is now at the College. "Of course it is only theoretical knowledge so far," he said, "but one is learning an enormous amount here."

It must not be supposed that the cadets, for want of a better word, will walk straight into their new rank when they leave the College. It has been laid down that they may spend a maximum period of a year in practical training after they leave. This will also be the minimum period for those who were not previously in the Force. Thus they will have to put in four months as a constable performing duty in uniform; a similar period performing detective and court duties, which will involve attachment to the Criminal Record Office and the Finger Print Branch, two months as a section sergeant, and a further period of two months as a station sergeant. Several of the men at the College have already done one, if not two or even three, of these duties in the Force. Those that they have already performed will be excused, and they will take up their new appointment as soon as they have completed the remainder. By-the-by, the pay that the new rank of junior station inspector carries with it is £300 a year.

...ssrooms at the college, which ...dents are taught station routine ...ng charged

A TYPICAL BEDROOM: Each of the servants, one of whom is seen in the picture, looks after five students



THE COMMANDANT: Lieut.-Colonel Halland, C.I.E., O.B.E., who has been in charge of the college since its inception last year. He was at one time Principal of the Punjab Police Training School at Phillaur, and was afterwards Chief Constable of Lincolnshire

DRAMA AND FILMS OF

Reviewed by

PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY

A CHAT WITH EXPERTS: Enid Stamp-Taylor, who has the leading part in *Murder in Motley*—the play by Fenn Sherie and Ingram D'Abbes, which began its run at the Kingsway last week. She is seen here with ex-Chief Detective Inspector Wensley and ex-Divisional Detective Inspector Askew, who attended the first performance

There are certain people in the community who enjoy thoroughly any form of "entertainment" which wrings their feelings and brings tears to their eyes. I have never been able to decide whether such people are in real life so extremely happy that they can feel sorrow only when artificially presented, and delight in its contrast in consequence, or so miserable that weeping is their natural form of expression.

I, myself, loathe that sudden choke in the throat which causes me to light a cigarette hurriedly, pretending that the smoke has made my eyes stream. A play or film which brings me to that pass I hate with fervid resentment, and long ago I discovered that any performance on the part of animals reduces me to tearful weakness in spite of all the self-control I can muster.

Therefore the Tivoli's new film, *Strictly Confidential*, since it concerns the tragedy of a gallant horse is just what "gets me down!" The more so since it is most brilliantly directed—the last ounce of sentiment and humour being skilfully displayed.

Myrna Loy is perhaps a little wasted, for, as an ingenue, much of the brilliant poise which is so peculiarly hers must of necessity be simplified, but there is much to compensate. Capra's direction "speeds up" the very exciting story to very much the pace set in *It Happened One Night*, and leaves one breathless.

In a series of short shots and close-ups we follow the rumour which, started unconsciously by a nurse in a hospital, spreads in an hour from one end of the American continent to the other, and grow as excited as the rumour-mongers over the race it concerns.

To frequenters of the English race-courses the difference in the American track, the conditions of starting the horses and the hint of "graft" might well prove interesting, but the race itself is so brilliantly photographed that one is too "carried away" also to make comparisons with the English sport.

At the Curzon.—Another excellent film which should not be missed is *Farewell*. It is the story of Chopin, bitterly dismayed to find his fame and fortune in the great world by his young love, whose stratagem thus preserves his life and genius from the fate of the revolutionaries with whom he is involved.

Her sacrifice is the more poignant since, when later she seeks to join him in Paris, she finds him lost to her through the influence of George Sand with whom he has become infatuated and through whom he has captured both fame and Paris.

Lucienne le Marchand as George Sand gives a performance which may well be comparable to the Garbo's perfection, and at moments strikingly resembles the Swedish star. Her slow smile is very much the Garbo's, so are many of her actions and her walk. She is almost "Queen Christina" over again! If she learns English quickly, I predict that there will be much flutter in the "box office."

This picture is directed by Geza von Bolvary, who has concentrated upon its romantic flavouring and costuming. Liszt, Dumas, de Musset—who carries with his mournfulness an air of prosperity unusual in a poet—Balzac, are some of the great of the period who give us brief glimpses of themselves in their best clothes, and happiest moods, gracing the salon of the Duchesse d'Orléans, or in caricature on the walls of their favourite tavern.

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street."—which has been revived at the Piccadilly Theatre has been given a slightly different trend through the interpretation of "Papa" by Wilfrid Lawson, which differs from that of Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Charles Laughton's in the film presentation.

If there is some loss of meaning to the eloping Elizabeth's insistence that she cannot stay under her father's roof for one more minute, after his intimate confession of his inner and repressed sentiments, there is an added convincement to his later demand for the revengeful execution of the dog whose duty it was, in his opinion, to warn him of Elizabeth's flight.

Duty! Wilfrid Lawson's "Papa" shows us so clearly that god of "duty" set up by the Victorians and the bitterness of the exacted sacrifices they offered, to our view mistakenly, but in desperate sincerity, upon his chilly altar.

It has left a heritage which to some very great extent must be responsible for the growth of the lucrative profession of the modern psycho-analyst!

It is in that I have a faint uncertainty as to this rendering in the play.

According to the programme the "comedy" of youth's rebellion against parental tyranny was in 1845. Victoria was then but twenty-five years old. She had been married, it is true, to her duty-trained and conscientious Consort for nearly five years, but her portraits show her, flounced and décolleté and still full of radiant charm. If her former high spirits and gaiety had been already moulded into the more serious standard at a later period imposed upon the still slightly riotous merrie England (at any rate) of the male Georgians, had that Germanic standard so early been imposed upon those beyond the Court circle?

"Papa" seems to me to have been most dreadfully authentic, but in 1845 at least twenty-five years ahead of his times.

Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies, as Elizabeth, shows very delicately the will of steel, inherited doubtless from her father, which buoys up the weakness of her physique. Her ringletted languishing is never artificial or affected. She is frail but purposeful, and while showing us all the delicious manners of a well-bred young lady as exemplified by the record left us by Jane Austen, at no time does she suggest to us that Elizabeth Barrett at ten years old read Homer in the original, and had written an epic before she was fifteen, which hints more "blue stocking" than charm!

Murder in Motley was presented at the King-way to an audience already aware that the play was not to be as other plays, and that it, the audience, was presumably to join with the players to some slight and to-be-discovered extent.

The audience had been correctly informed, for *Murder in Motley* is not as other plays. Once having hauled up the curtain for its presentation, the curtain remains up, and even at the end — and what an end! — there is a curious reluctance to haul it down again.

In my great sympathy for the despairing confusion of a cast of twenty, I should have thought that they would be so relieved to take the opportunity of removing themselves from the garishly lighted stage, which, incidentally—turns Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor's hair shrimp-pink, but no! One and all, with great loyalty to the two authors they expressed themselves as willing and positively desirous to do it all over again every night and at matinées as well!

The idea of *Murder in Motley* is clever but as in the case of many plays, after a second act which was promising, came the third, in which, having, too intelligently, guessed its secret far too soon, the audience was compelled out of politeness to watch the play creaking on and on.

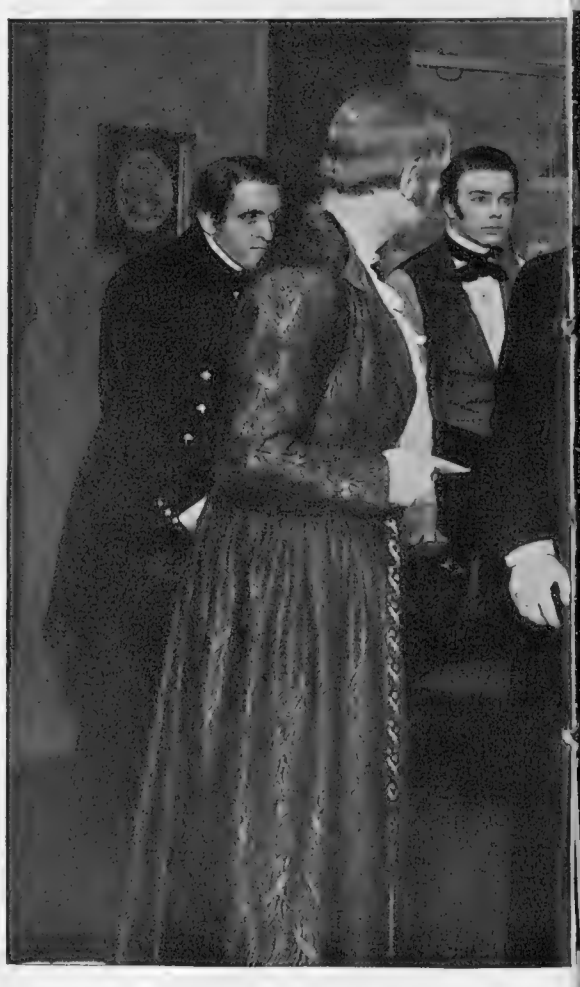
Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor, it appeared, was billed to star in a play which most of the company considered hadn't "an earthly." The gentleman whose belief in it had led him to finance the production had installed his son as the publicity agent and expected results.

Said son endorsed everyone else's opinion of the play, so when the curtain went up, Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor at his instigation, permitted her understudy to have "the big chance" and appear instead of her. So Miss Cornell started in, but someone in the audience shot her, without waiting to see if she deserved it, so the play stopped because dead bodies on the stage are a nuisance.

A programme girl dropped a tray, the clatter of which saved everyone from the fright of hearing the shot, but since there had to be immediate investigation, her replies as to why she dropped the tray at such an appropriate moment threw considerable doubt upon her veracity.

And then Miss Cornell's body disappeared from behind the screen which had been put round it, to make everyone feel less uncomfortable about it! *And* the police did their best to find it. *And* Miss Stamp-Taylor was brought down from her dressing-room—*and* she had quite a little argument about her

A POET PLEADS: Robert Browning (Scott Sunderland) for Elizabeth Moulton-Barrett (Gwen Ffrangcon persuade her to elope with him to Italy. A scene Piccadilly Theatre of Rudolph Besier's succesful *Wimpole*



A MOMENT OF TENSITY

TO-DAY

declares his undying love
Davies) and tries to
from the revival at the
play, *The Barretts of*
Street

private affairs with the publicity agent, but they made friends afterwards. *And* at last the curtain came down.

Liebelei.—The Imperial Institute Theatre is to be congratulated on its acumen in presenting in advance of West End management the famous Viennese play *Liebelei*, for there is a possibility that Mr. Cochran will produce it in operetta form later in the year, with Oscar Strauss' music.

It was shown as a film some time ago at the Academy Theatre and had considerable success, for its story is tragically realistic. It is an actual fact that its production in Vienna caused duelling to be declared unlawful, but Schnitzler's play itself is now banned in Austria and no attempt to revive it has so far been successful.

That is an illustration of the result of restriction upon the art of the theatre, the subject of so much present controversy, for in Austria, no play can be performed if the actors need to wear any form of uniform, and the performance of whatever work of genius must therefore be forgone.

RECOVERY: Elizabeth Moulton-Barrett tells her sister Arabel (Susan Richmond) and her maid (Eileen Beldon) how she has just walked for over two miles in the park and feels her strength returning every day

(*Special "Sphere" Pictures*)

After Edward Moulton-Barrett has discovered that Elizabeth has eloped with Robert Browning he inquires for Flush, her beloved dog, in the hope that he will be able to vent his spleen by sending it to be destroyed. Henrietta (Marjorie Mars), however, informs him, with evident satisfaction, that the dog has gone, too. The part of the domineering father, so brilliantly played by Cedric Hardwicke in the original production of *The Barretts*, is taken by Wilfrid Lawson in the revival. He gives a somewhat different rendering, but reveals with great skill the character of this man who is driven to such petty tyrannies by his fierce repressions

New York News.—Mr. Cochran has had an experience of such restriction to a smaller and less successful extent for his first night in New York, for *Escape Me Never!* was picketed as a protest against the entry of foreign plays. I am told that the New York play-goers take a poor view of the play, but have gone mad about the Bergner, and that her success has been, even for her, phenomenal.

Other New York news is that Noel Coward and Merle Oberon are filming together in *Miracle in 49th Street* which is being shot at the Long Island Paramount studios. Noel Coward plays the part of a sophisticated bookseller and "man about town."

Universal Films have captured from England Marthe Eggerte, who has been refusing tempting offer after tempting offer from British companies, but Gaumont-British are bringing over Gitta Alpar, who is to commence work here very shortly.

Another item of advance news is that Mr. Korda has, by arrangement with Mr. Charlot, obtained the stage rights of *Fregoli*, which he will put on the London stage, and for which the music is written by Robert Katscher, who will be remembered for *Wonderbar*. London Films bought the film rights some considerable time ago of this clever play by Herczed, and it should prove a great success.

○ THE WORLD OF BOOKS ○

Gilbert Frankau writes His Longest and Most Ambitious Novel : Horror, Thrills, and Suspense in Denis Wheatley's "The Devil Rides Out"

Reviewed by

VERNON FANE

In response to a world-wide lack of demand, Mr. James Agate has written his autobiography. The title is EGO; the publisher, Hamish Hamilton; the price, 18s.

In a quotation from H. G. Wells Mr. Agate challenges his readers to explore an egoism. It promises good entertainment. It is grand entertainment. From this hotch-potch of diary, reminiscences and autobiography there emerges a curious personality; a man of lively intellect, of eclectic rather than of wide reading, with a deep knowledge of and a passion for the drama, leavened always with another passion, that for Balzac; an indiscriminate collector, setter-down and manufacturer of every degree of *bon mot* and witticism, hurling them at anybody and anything with *gamin*-like glee. At this sort of game he is not only adept, but an addict. It is a pity, for the reader is entitled to hope that when a leading dramatic critic heaves a witty brick it should land on the mark. Too many marks go scatheless.

Inspired, it seems, by the late Arnold Bennett's example, Mr. Agate took to writing a diary in 1932. It forms the second half of this book. The first half is autobiographical to a remarkable degree of candour, especially upon financial matters; contains a section of letters written to him by various people, a chapter on Sarah Bernhardt, and is sub-titled "I make my bed." In the diary he lies upon it with considerable aplomb.

I repeat that the book is grand entertainment; it is written with an irresistible gusto. He almost converts an habitual claret drinker to a taste for a meretricious and gaseous abomination, so often and so enthusiastically does he consume champagne. He applies to his financial embarrassments, and even his illnesses, the same light-hearted treatment he metes out to the pleasanter things of life: food, wine, restaurants, horses, art, artists, motor cars, golf (truly that best-ball score of 55 was an amazing round), and gossip and anecdote about stage and literary personalities. His friends are forever saying witty things, though *their* friends may sometimes deplore the standard.

The Arnold Bennett model is a good one, and I hope Mr. Agate will go on, and in another year or two give us some more. And because I admire him very much as a critic, and find that a really likeable individual emerges from this book, I hope he will take in good part a gentle request to avoid this sort of thing for the future:—

> "Am told that Beverley Baxter said to his staff four days after A. B.'s funeral: 'Gentlemen, please understand that as far as the *D.E.* is concerned Arnold Bennett is dead.' The worst of it is that B. B. was right."

I ought not to have to remind Mr. Agate that it is long odds that when "B.B." and the issues of the newspaper he edited have achieved oblivion, Arnold Bennett will be very much alive.

REMINISCENCES OF A CRITIC: A drawing of James Agate, by James Gunn, which appears in the former's autobiography-cum-diary which has just been published by Hamish Hamilton, and is reviewed on this page. Mr. Agate, who is one of the greatest living authorities on the theatre, was born in Manchester in 1877, was educated at Giggleswick, and began his career in the cotton trade in his native city. He was made dramatic critic of the *Manchester Guardian* in 1907, and since 1923 has held a similar position on the *Sunday Times*

You can always depend upon Mr. Gilbert Frankau for a good story. If it is about three Etonians it is liable to be a better story. The THREE ENGLISHMEN (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.) of Mr. Frankau's new novel are first presented to us as three happy schoolboys; the date is pre-War; the scene is "the best of schools."

I have been told that the two things Etonians have no sense of humour about are Eton and the Empire. No Etonian and no Empire builder need fear levity from Mr. Frankau. They are nice boys; fine fellows. Theirs is a great heritage.

Two wars intervene, and then we get down to the purpose of the author's sub-title: it becomes a "romance of married lives." There is Andrew Curle, the professional soldier, a fine character drawn with sympathy and insight; Maxwell Benton, wrapped up in a life devoted to science, and a good surgeon; and Jeremy Wainwright, dashing, a "blood," perhaps more than a little of a bounder, City bound, brilliant, successful.

They are fast friends, even if the other two admit that Wainwright is a little "queer." The news of his arrest on a charge of fraud brought them quickly to his side. At this point we are treated to an exciting trial scene, the realism of which is a triumph for the author.

Three Englishmen is Mr. Frankau's longest and most ambitious novel. It is a veritable panorama of a slice of English life over a period of thirty years. Of course, his characters are "types," but they are types he knows intimately and can consequently draw with a passionate sincerity. And it is that, plus an amazing descriptive ability, which makes this his best novel.

LOVESONG (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.) is by Mr. Rupert Hughes. It is an immensely long account, told with unflagging gusto, of a singer's rise to fame and peace of mind.

Prima donnas have always been fair game for novelists, satirists, memoir writers, everyone it seems but photographers. Here, then, is a prima donna of the classic type, though without quite as many affectations as are usually attributed to these unfortunate artistes.

Mr. Hughes can tell a story vividly and at times amusingly, and though I have always felt that novels can easily be overburdened by detail, it is not in this case a very important fault.

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.) is, suitably enough, the story of a group of people whose lives are centred round a tanning industry

The business is the mainspring of all their existences. It is their inheritance, or their ambition, or their burden, or, more directly, the one thing which makes everyday life possible; the common factor of all their lives.

Mr. V S. Pritchett's clear and forceful style is admirable, particularly in the purely descriptive passages, but I cannot agree with the publishers' suggestion that one of the author's gifts is "a sure insight into the human heart." Minds and not hearts seem in this case to have been the subject of the writer's exact and careful analysis. Yet the character of Mathew Burkle is one I will remember for a long time, and the novel is one of the few I want to put on my shelves for re-reading.

A palace on an island in the Greek seas is the scene of HESPAMORA (Methuen. 7s. 6d.). But it is a modern palace and conducted by a particularly up-to-date fiend who claims to provide new pleasures and excitements for Europeans sated with the ordinary round of amusements.

Sybil, the lovely heroine of Mr. James Francis Dwyer's new story, is a millionaire's daughter and, until the moment when she arrives in the island of Hespamora, a very bored young lady. Then things begin to happen very quickly. She is followed by one Slane Orme "of Wootton Bassett," a tall, adventurous young Englishman with a useful pair of fists and a short way with Greek bullies.

There is enough excitement for the most jaded and one or two quite original thrills. (This book will not be on sale until March.)

Nor, for that matter, is Mr. Denis Wheatley's THE DEVIL RIDES OUT (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), for it is packed full of excitement, horror, thrills, and the suspense attendant upon the spectacle of beauty in distress. This story, I believe, has been a very successful serial. It must have been. The day-to-day suspense must have been almost unbearable.

The theme is black magic and white magic, and although the author assures us that he has never assisted at any ceremony connected with these practices, he manages to invest his accounts of them with a chilling realism.

Only a spoil-sport would give away the plot of this fast-moving story. It is enough to say that here is a really original and highly diverting thriller.

"Everything to do with gardening takes a long time and is much more difficult than it looks," observes Mr. Franklin Lushington thoughtfully in the course of an essay on gardeners and the making of new gardens.

PIGEON HOO (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.) is the account, in the form of a series of enchanting essays, of a London couple who, in an inspired moment, buy a small Tudor cottage near Romney Marsh; and of their ambitious plans and brave attempts and amusing, sometimes delightful, sometimes catastrophic, results at making it coincide with their ideal.

Baitup, the gardener, who has a contempt for flowers and calls the local gentry "pop-ups," is perhaps the most entertaining character, but my sympathy and even affection went to the real hero and heroine of this townsman's adventure in the country, and for their vigorous and sensible creed.

"Anyone who can afford to live in the country, even if it means giving up a lot, is either blind or mad to go on living anywhere else."

A BOOK LIST

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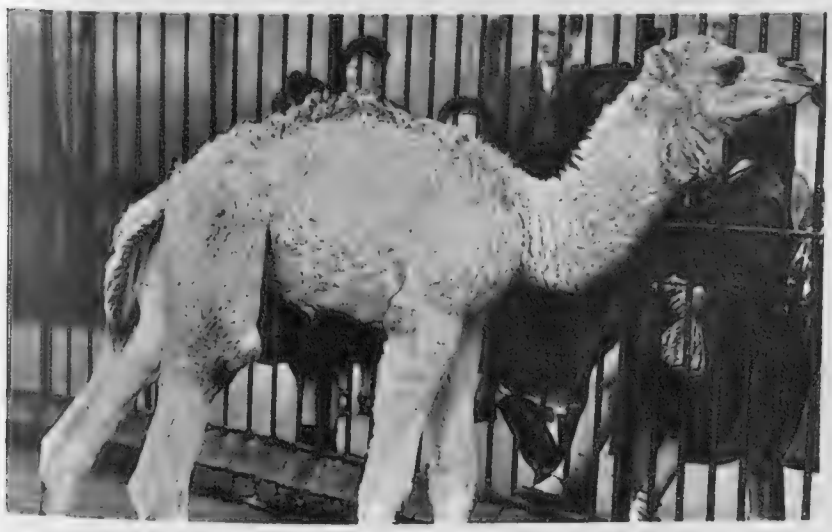


A Christmas Arrival

This young dromedary, the first to be bred at the London Zoo since 1912, was born on Christmas Day, and now, weather permitting, is allowed to take exercise with its mother in the enclosure. Considering that it was less than a month old when this picture was taken, its size must be accounted really remarkable. As can be seen, it belongs to the one-humped or Arabian species which is usually found in somewhat warmer climes than the Bactrian or two-humped camel

On left—Making friends with the children

Saved for the Nation

A WELSH BEAUTY SPOT TO REMAIN UNSPOILED: In the foreground of this picture of Llyn Gwynant, Carnarvonshire, is part of the land, consisting in all of 300 acres, which Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis has presented to the nation in the hope that it will initiate a movement that will result in the Snowdon region of North Wales being preserved as a National Park. Dominating the scene is Yr-Aran, an imposing 2,451 ft. peak. The donor of this property is one of our best-known architects and has for long been active on councils for the Preservation of Rural England and Wales

A PLAYGROUND FOR THE PEOPLE: Part of the 30 acres on the east side of Upper Dovedale, the beautiful valley on the borders of Derbyshire and Staffordshire, which Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd. presented to the nation in December last. It is said to be the first gift received by the National Trust from an industrial undertaking

Stanton Moor Edge, illustrations of which appear below, is the property near Haddon Hall, Derbyshire, which Mr. F. A. Holmes has handed over to the National Trust. It is a bold gritstone escarpment, 900 ft. above sea level, and forms a natural terrace about a mile in length. The whole area is full of evidence of life in a remote age, and, judging by the number of archæological remains there, it must once have been a centre of considerable activity. Mr. Holmes is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, a member of the Derbyshire Archæological Society, and Chairman of the Buxton Committee of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England

IN THE WILDS OF DERBYSHIRE: Two views of Stanton Moor Edge. *Left*—The tower erected to commemorate the passing of the Reform Bill. *Above*—One of the many stones of great archæological interest in the district. Excavations there in the past have resulted in a host of interesting finds, including cinerary urns, incense cups, flint arrowheads, and a quantity of pottery

STILLS of the STARS

In Films Made and in the Making

"STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL": This is the title of Myrna Loy's latest picture—a melodrama with a race track as its setting—which has been delighting audiences at the Tivoli during the past fortnight. It is directed by Frank Capra

FOR MUSIC LOVERS: Paul Stein, the Director, and Gertrude Lawrence who plays the principal part in *La Bohème*, which is now in production at the British International Studios at Elstree. The film will tell the story of how Puccini's famous opera came to be written

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY TRAGEDY: Two scenes from *The Dictator*—the historical film made by Toeplitz Productions, Ltd., which is to be presented at the Tivoli next week. *Left*—Madeleine Carroll as Queen Caroline Matilda of Denmark, the ill-fated sister of George III, and Clive Brook as Dr. Johann Struensee, the obscure physician who, in 1771, rose to be the leading power in Denmark, but later, as a result of a Court intrigue, was charged with treason and beheaded. *Right*—Struensee at the height of his success

FABRICS INTO FROCKS

HERE is advance news about the fabrics we shall wear during the spring and summer. Woollens are colourful, interesting in weave and design, very soft, and mostly smooth in texture.

One of Meyer's new checked woollens is seen in the centre of the patterns immediately above. In lime and stone, pink and gunmetal, turquoise and peat, or brown and maize, there is a plain matching fabric in the ground colours. They come from Marshall and Snelgrove of Oxford Street, London, W.

Black and white will be used extensively for classically tailored suits, and an excellent suiting showing a broken black and white effect is shown on the extreme right of the second group of patterns. This is 54 in. wide, and costs 12s. 9d. a yard at Woolland Bros. of Knightsbridge.

A fascinating satin backed crêpe with a satin spot and an overprinted crescent in white has unusual distinction and is the first of the patterns at the head of the page. In black, brown, or navy, it costs 19s. 11d. a yard at Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge.

The third crêpe in this group comes from Debenham & Freebody of Wigmore Street, W. It shows a bold design of leaves in stone and yellow, jade and grey, flame and coral, or blues on black grounds.

From them, too, comes the first of the crêpes on the right. This shows vivid sprigs on black, navy, brown, or powder blue grounds.

A navy crépon comes next, with white flowers and a satin spot. The ground colourings are black and Lido blue, and the price is 13s. 9d. a yard at Woolland Bros.

Lastly, white Scotties stand solemnly against a background of black, navy or royal crêpe, while beige dogs are backed with brown. From Harvey Nichols.

Photographed by courtesy of the L M S

Fellow Passenger—First Class

After you've read your papers down to the advertisements . . . looked at fields and hedges till you're dizzy . . . almost got to the stage of counting telegraph-poles . . . thank goodness for Schweppes. For its refreshing 'bite,' its foaming head, its heartening ginger tang!

Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

A PLACE IN THE SUN: A general view of the grounds of the Monte Carlo Country Club, its many tennis courts, and excellent bathing beach

Monte Carlo the Magnificent

By Edward E. Long, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

Superlatives are necessary when writing of Monte Carlo, for of all the beautiful spots Nature has scattered with lavish hand along the coast of the Riviera it is one of the most beautiful. The natural charm of its site at the foot of a high mountain range which gives it perfect shelter from the cold winds of the north, with the lofty headland of Monaco aiding in the formation of a fine harbour, whilst the picturesque hill side on which it is built gives it a commanding view of the sea, is enhanced in such a wonderful manner by the loveliness of its gardens and the splendour of the noble buildings set amongst them, that one may truthfully describe it as "Monte Carlo the Magnificent."

It is because of this that some people fight shy of spending a holiday in Monte Carlo, they imagine it will be extremely expensive, but the fact is that it is not more expensive than other resorts on the Riviera, large and small. You can secure good accommodation, in agreeable surroundings, in the smaller hotels, from 10s. a day, which is moderate enough to suit most people who can afford a Continental holiday. In luxury hotels of the first class, such as the well-known Hôtel de Paris, the Hermitage, and the Metropole, a pension rate can be obtained of £1 per day, which includes full pension and a room with a bathroom, though, naturally, the best accommodation is more expensive. But whatever you pay, you get your money's worth these days in Monte Carlo. There is no exploitation of the foreigner, on the contrary, its folk are only too anxious to make his stay such a pleasant one that he will return.

From the point of view of what you get for your money, a holiday in Monte Carlo can be a very cheap one. Entrance to the Salons Ordinaires of the world-famous casino is now free, and the charge for the Salles Privées is quite moderate; likewise the subscription for the luxurious International Sporting Club, one of the finest of its kind in the world, and whether or not you care to have an occasional venture on the tables as a mere looker-on you cannot fail to be interested in the play and the players. About the casino are beautiful gardens with beds of flowers charmingly arranged, and thousands of trees heavy with foliage the winter through, and conspicuous amongst them are handsome palms of various kinds.

There, and on the splendid terraces which stretch between the casino and the sea, you will see, during the season, one of the smartest of assemblages of people anywhere to be seen; seated in a cushioned chair, in brilliant sunshine, under a cloudless sky of blue, whilst you listen to some of the world's best music played by one of the finest of orchestras, you must be hard indeed to please if, for an hour or so, you can wish for anything more enjoyable.

Sport and amusement are organized admirably in Monte Carlo. At the Grand Opera House in the casino gardens during February and March, performances of the most famous operas are to be given. The musical season, from the beginning of February until the middle of May, will provide grand and classical concerts, concert recitals, festivals, and galas, the latter to include one of Beethoven, Wagner, Berlioz, and Debussy-Pierné, by the world-renowned Monte Carlo orchestra and choir of 180 performers; and the patrons of the film will have the opportunity of seeing many of the most recent and most successful films at the Cinema des Beaux-Arts. One must not forget one of the most interesting of sights Monte Carlo's neighbour, Monaco, affords with its famous aquarium, where are to be seen many of the marvels and strange denizens of the sea, largely the result of the splendid collections made by Prince Albert of Monaco.

A POPULAR RENDEZVOUS: The International Sporting Club where over 40 per cent. of the members are British

A BATTLE OF FLOWERS: A scene of gaiety and animation in one of the streets of the famous resort

Monte Carlo is far-famed for its winter tennis season, and there is no finer country club in Europe than that which overlooks the beautiful bay of La Veglia, where the twenty tennis courts are laid out in pairs, on descending terraces, with flower-covered pergolas in between, and the artistically-arranged stands give seating accommodation for 5,000 spectators. From February 25 to March 4 the club will be the scene of more than ordinary interest, for during this period there will be a grand international tournament, with competitions for H.S.H. the Prince of Monaco's Challenge Shield, H.M. the King of Sweden's Cup, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught's Challenge Gold Vase, the Butler Trophy, and the Beaumont and other cups.

Golfers have every reason to make Monte Carlo their winter headquarters, for the 18-hole course of the Monte Carlo Golf Club at Mont Agel, 2,000 ft. above sea level, is one of the most scenic in the world. Set on a plateau amongst the lower spurs of the mountains of the French Alps, with snowy peaks landwards and green slopes stretching to the azure sea, and with all the fine details of the coast-line visible—bays, headlands, precipitous cliffs, and tiny harbours—the views alone are worth a visit to the club. Nor does the ascent entail any fatigue, for a service of luxury motor coaches plies regularly between the Casino Square and Mont Agel, and incidentally the Golf Club restaurant has a reputation throughout the Riviera for its cuisine. Amongst the golf fixtures for the season are the International Sporting Club Challenge Cup, the President's Challenge Cup, presented by H.S.H. Prince Pierre of Monaco, the Windsor Challenge Cup, the Rivett-Carnac Challenge Cup, and the Stanley Cup, given by Admiral the Hon. Sir Victor Stanley.

THE PORT: One of Monte Carlo's spacious promenades and the harbour sheltered by the headland of Monaco

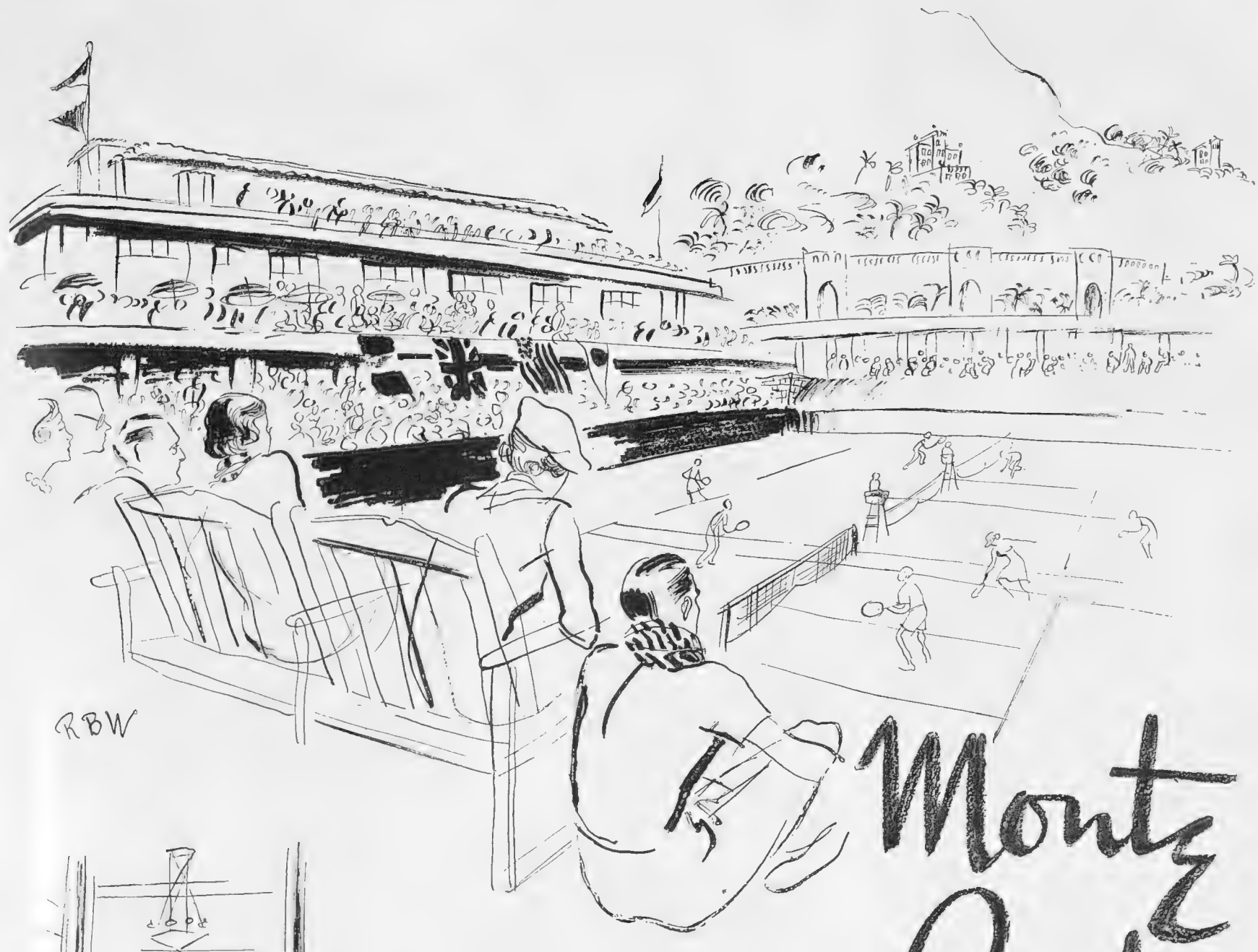
Monte Carlo is fortunate in possessing a splendid harbour, and thanks to the very fine weather which prevails during the winter, this is an ideal time for yachting. Day after day you will see scores of graceful, white-sailed craft skimming over the sea with a fair breeze, and adding an extraordinary touch of summer to the scene. From March 21 to 25 International sailing regattas will be held under the auspices of the Société des Régates de Monaco, when important prizes will be competed for, and some good sailing is sure to be seen.

There are many ways of getting to Monte Carlo—by road, rail, sea, and air, the latter by the popular Air France service to the South of France, which leaves Croydon every week-day at 9 a.m., and arrives at Cannes at 4 p.m., whence a connecting train takes one on to Monte Carlo, arriving there two hours later, or one can go on to Monte Carlo by motor coach. The train service is exceptionally good; there is one day train, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd classes, from Paris to the Riviera, and special thirty-day return tickets are issued from London, available every Saturday and Monday, at a single fare and a third, holders of which can obtain a 25 per cent. reduction, first and second-class, on wagon-lit and Pullman supplements in France. As for the sea journey, under an arrangement between the P. and O. Line and the Orient Line, one can travel by their regular liners to Marseilles or Toulon and proceed thence to Monte Carlo, and special tickets are issued, valid for twenty-six days, which cover the journey to Monte Carlo and back, and a stay of fourteen days at the Hôtel de Paris—a most enjoyable holiday throughout.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered



Monte Carlo

Games gain here, even for those who, like myself, do not care for them elsewhere, a certain attraction. The players are so apt, the scenes so delightful. It is as though the air and sun brought to the body a new suppleness. Here, whatever your athletic ambition it will be fulfilled, for in the realm of sport, as in every other direction, Monte Carlo grants you your desire. And you will consume a cocktail after the game, not because you are tired, but from your pleasure in living.

Osbert Sitwell

You may not be aware that twice weekly the return fare to Monte Carlo (including sleepers) is subject to considerable reduction.

Staying in Monte Carlo is not expensive even at the best hotels, where an extremely attractive feature, the "pension tournante," gives you the right to take your meals at the "Sporting Club" or the Café de Paris as well as in the hotel restaurants.

LIEUTENANT C. A. S. CLEAVER, A.D.C. to the Governor of Tanganyika, who died on January 11 at Tabora as a result of injuries received in an accident while touring with the Governor in December. Lieutenant Cleaver was a son of Lieutenant-Colonel A. S. Cleaver, of Southwick Crescent, Hyde Park, W.

NEW FLYING BOATS FOR SINGAPORE

(*Continued from p.* 158)

for stops of several days at various places en route and the boats are not due at Singapore until March 2.

M. Parmentier, one of the pilots of the Douglas air-liner which came in second in the race to Australia, brought another machine of the same type to this country recently for demonstration flights.

The licence to build these machines in Europe is held by Mr. Fokker, the famous Dutch constructor, and it is reported that he has joined forces with an English firm with a view to building them in England.

A new air transport company is proposing to use these machines on an hourly express service between Gatwick aerodrome, now renamed London South, and Paris, and it intends to reduce the total time of the journey from the West End of London to the centre of Paris to 2 hrs. 20 mins.

The idea of an hourly service to Paris follows the establishment in America some years ago of a service between New York and Washington which at first operated a comparatively infrequent daily schedule and lost money. When, however, it was decided to operate a service in each direction starting "every hour on the hour" the travelling public immediately appreciated the great convenience of this arrangement, and there was a tremendous increase of bookings.

It is expected that a high speed service from London to Paris, starting "every hour on the hour," will be just as strongly supported, particularly when the time saved over existing air line schedules is considered. Incidentally it is intended to convey passengers from London to the aerodrome by train, and so reduce the time spent on the ground journey at this end.

It will, however, be a pity if the requirements of this new air line cannot be met by machines of British design, and it is equipped with foreign machines even if they are built under licence in this country.

A new method of building aeroplanes so as to allow of cheap mass production has been devised by the Martin-Baker Aircraft Company of which Captain Baker, the well-known Chief Instructor of the Heston flying school, is a director.

Most present-day aeroplanes are built to a pattern so as to ensure interchangeability of parts, but in many cases their components are somewhat complicated built-up units which are difficult to repair in case of damage.

This machine is mainly built up of small pieces of steel tube bolted together in a special manner. These can be put together or replaced very easily, little skilled supervision is necessary, and great structural strength is obtained. It is a two-seater cabin monoplane with an engine of 160 h.p., and the wings fold for storage. With an expected cruising speed of 140 m.p.h. it should compete in the luxury two-seater class for private owners

This machine's main interest lies in its construction, which should allow the costs of production to be reduced and so cheapen the cost to the purchaser. One of the factors which have hampered private flying has been the high first cost of machines and this new method of construction is a definite step forward towards reduced prices and towards putting private ownership within reach of a wider circle of the public.

C. D. Palmer

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Here is a typical case of how two children were admitted to the Society's Homes. The father was an unemployed general labourer. His wife had died eight months previously, leaving him with eight children, the eldest aged fourteen, and he sought admission for two of them, a boy and a girl, into the Society's Homes. He had been one of the first to join up in 1914, was wounded at Mons, and taken prisoner of war until after the Armistice. The Society has taken these two children into their Homes, so that they may have a good chance in life. Please help the Society with your gifts, so that more deserving cases may be helped. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

A GIFT TO THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE B.B.C.: The magnificent globe which has been presented to Sir John Reith by the President of the National Broadcasting Corporation of America. It is encircled with the signs of the Zodiac

BIGGER CAR MOTORING

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IN 1925 you would have seen no change out of a four-figure cheque for a car of this size and stamp. Even three years ago it would have been considered remarkable value at £500. How is it, you may well ask, that Vauxhall can offer this luxurious Big Six 20 h.p. saloon for as little as £325 to-day?

There are two reasons—improved manufacturing methods and expanding markets. When Vauxhall enlarged and reorganised their factory, *they reorganised motor car values.* The new Vauxhall flow production system of manufacture is really craftsmanship on a larger, grander scale. It safeguards the fine finish that has always distinguished Vauxhall products, yet makes this Big Six comparable, on a value-for-money basis, with the popular light car of to-day.

Expanding markets make for further economies. Few other British cars have won such popularity abroad, certainly no other in the big car class, as has Vauxhall during recent years. While at home the reduction in horse power tax (this Big Six pays only £15 tax), has made more and more motorists bigger car minded.

So it is that, to-day, you can go to your local Vauxhall dealer and drive away in this roomy, tastefully appointed saloon, a car in the true Vauxhall tradition, for as little as £325.

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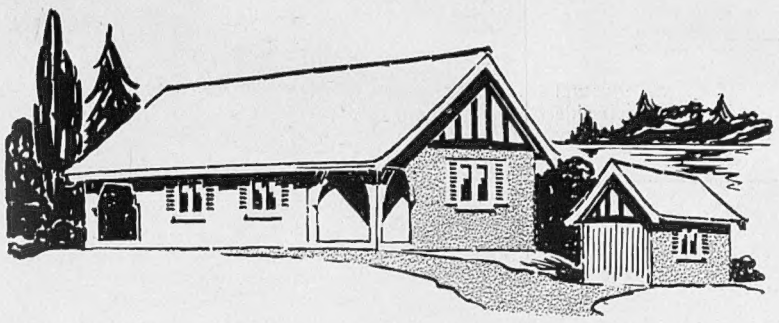

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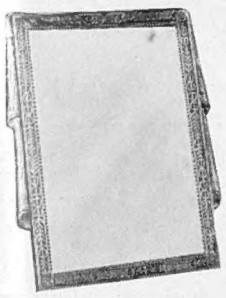

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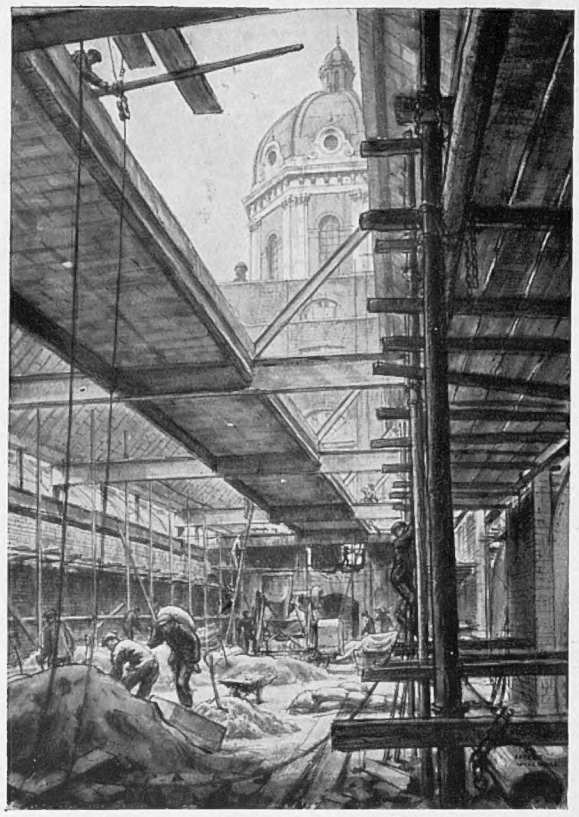
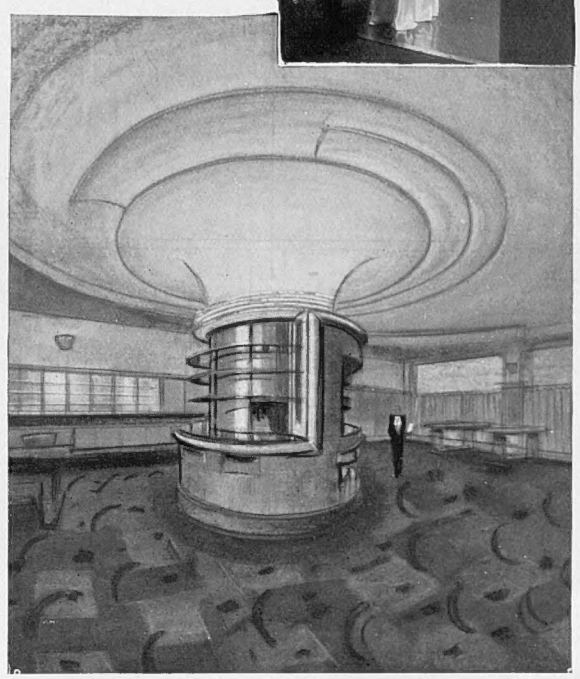


AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION: Converting the Old Bethlem Hospital, Southwark, into the new home of the Imperial War Museum. A sketch by Hubert Williams

The Imperial War Museum

When the Bethlem Hospital—the oldest charitable institution for the treatment of the insane in the world—was moved to the outer fringe of London in 1930, Lord Rothermere gave the site to the L.C.C. for a public park. With the demolition of the side wings of the building a considerable space was opened to the public as the "Geraldine Mary Harmsworth Park" in memory of his mother. But it was decided to preserve the main block with its fine portico and cupola for the use of the Imperial War Museum, at present in South Kensington. The above drawing shows the central picture gallery in the making. Here will be hung the most important of the remarkable pictures made during the Great War by artists, all of whom were actual witnesses of the events they portrayed. On each side are being constructed galleries for the Army and Navy exhibits respectively. The cupola which also appears in the drawing was a later addition by Sydney Smirke to the original buildings of James Lewis. Within it is a chapel, now of course disused. H. W.

THE BOUNTY OF THE SEAS: *Below*—A sketch of the interior of the new Prunier Restaurant which was opened in St. James's Street a few days ago and which specialises in the serving of rare fish. *On right*—Mlle Collette Gueden, a talented young French artist, who was responsible for some of the decorations



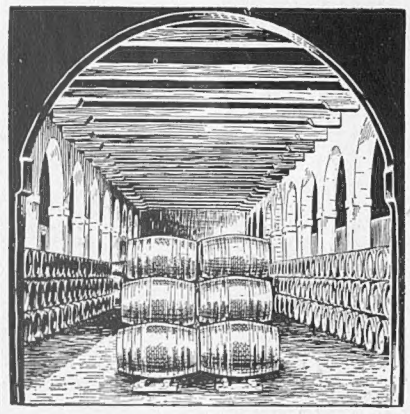
"ELSA LANCHESTER AS PRUE" in last year's production at Sadler's Wells of Congreve's *Love for Love*. This picture by Ethel Walker is on view at an exhibition of this artist's work at the Lefevre Galleries, King Street, St. James's, S.W.1

Chez Prunier

On January 18, Madame Simone Prunier, granddaughter of the founder of the famous Prunier Restaurant in Paris, opened an all-fish restaurant in St. James's Street. The motto of the house is "everything which comes from the sea," and many fish, never before seen in England, are served there.

Fish caught by the special Prunier fleet on the Breton coast are immediately put into tanks and kept at the temperature to which they are accustomed until they reach their destination. Madame Prunier also pays regular visits to Bessarabia, Persia, Rumania, Portugal, and other countries in search of rare delicacies.

Among those present on the opening night was the Prince of Wales.



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By C. AMBLER

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

N., Westmorland (Italy). — You will find the following hotels in Italy and Sicily very comfortable, with running hot and cold water in the rooms, and central heating. Their prices are reasonable. Naples: Hotel Britannique, Corso Vitt. Emmanuele. Capri: Hotel International. Amalfi: Hotel Santa Caterina. Palermo: Villa Lincoln, via Archirafi. Taormina: Hotel Belvedere. Messina: Grand Alb. Vittoria. Syracuse: Villa Maria.

R., Yorks (France).—For a ten-days' motor tour of France, taking in Poitiers, Clermont-Ferrand, and Paris; you would find the following route pleasant, as it gives opportunity to visit the Loire Valley and the lovely province of Auvergne: Dieppe, Rouen (cathedral), Evreux, Chartres (cathedral), Tours (one of the oldest towns in France), Poitiers, Gueret, Aubusson, Clermont-Ferrand, La Bourboule, le Mont Dore (French spa). From the latter town to Rocamadour, the route is one of the finest scenically in Auvergne, climbing over the Col de Dyanne (4,450 ft.), past Lake Chambon to Murols and thence through the remarkable Chaudefour Valley. Besse is a picturesque little town overlooking Lake Pavin, and after leaving Le Lioren the road passes over the Massif du Cantal. From Rocamadour, one of the most picturesque and interesting towns in France, the route continues to Perigueux, Limoges, Chateauroux, Blois, Orléans, Fontainebleau, Paris, Pontoise, Gisors, Dieppe. You should endeavour to visit the famous old Château of Chambord, which lies between Blois and Orléans.

D., Norfolk (Mombasa).—The best months in which to visit Mombasa are June, July, and August, which is the cool, dry season, the temperature ranging between 71 and 83 deg. Fah. in June, and 70 and 81 deg. in July and August. The nights then are pleasantly cool, due to the breezes which blow in from the ocean. March is not a suitable month to pay a visit, for it is the hottest month of the year, while the rainy season begins about the middle of the month. These remarks do not apply to the highlands of Kenya, where the climate is much more equable.

R., Beds (Majorca).—One can travel by sea to Majorca by the Orient or Union Castle Line, from London. The former line has sailings on February 16th and March 2nd, and the latter line on February 21st and March 21st. Orient Line boats call at Palma on the homeward voyage on March 23rd and April 6th, and Union Castle Line boats on March 6th and April 4th. Tickets are interchangeable on both lines. It is also possible to make the voyage by Henderson Line boat from Liverpool, the return fare ranging from £17. These boats carry only one class of passenger, and are much smaller than the boats of the other two lines. One of the best hotels in Palma is the Mediterraneo, which charges from about 15 shillings per day. The Hotel Ingles is smaller and less expensive, charging from 13 to 20 pesetas per day, or about 10 shillings. Travelling overland one can go either via Paris and Marseilles, or via Paris and Barcelona, the latter route having the shortest sea-crossing. There is a sailing every week-day from Barcelona, and every Wednesday from Marseilles.

Hints to Travellers

ITALY.

There appears to be some little uncertainty in the minds of prospective visitors to Italy concerning the facilities for obtaining sufficient Italian money for their needs during their stay in that country. They may rest assured that travellers' cheques and private cheques are accepted throughout Italy to-day in precisely the same manner as they were before the recent currency decree came into operation. Tourists are not put to any inconvenience at all, in fact it has been stated officially by the Italian Finance Minister that the new financial provision does not interfere with legitimate business, and that tourists are quite unaffected thereby.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

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BALEARIC ISLANDS.

Palma de Majorca.—Hotel Ingles.—Gives you the best of the best at mod. rts. Pens. fr. Ptas. 13 to 20. Spec. terms for long stay. Engl. spkn.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Le Zoute—Knocke.—The Golf Hotel.—"Always Open." Inclusive Winter terms, 10/-.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Guernsey.—Moore's Queen's Hotel.—Fully licensed, with H. & C. running water. Central. 3 Gns. to end of June. 4 Gns. summer. A.A.

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Paris.—Gd. Hotel & Restaurant du Pavillon. 36, rue de l'Echiquier, nr Opera. Write for partics. "The only one-price Hotel in town."

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

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Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of Internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

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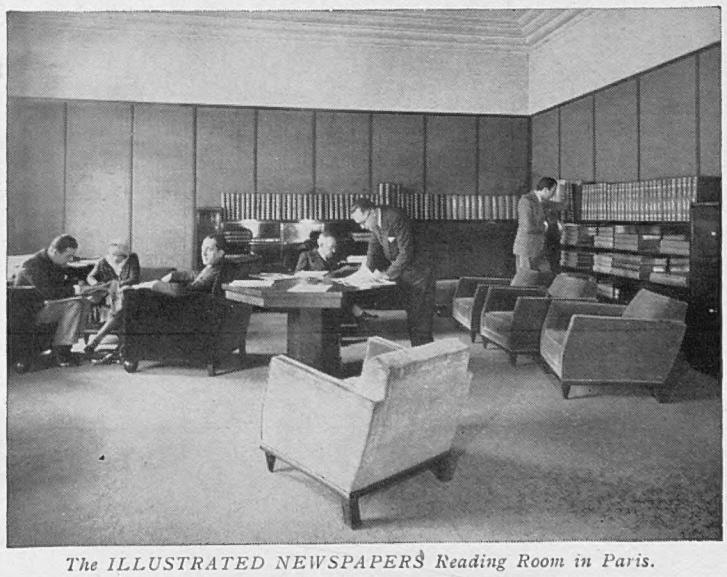

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